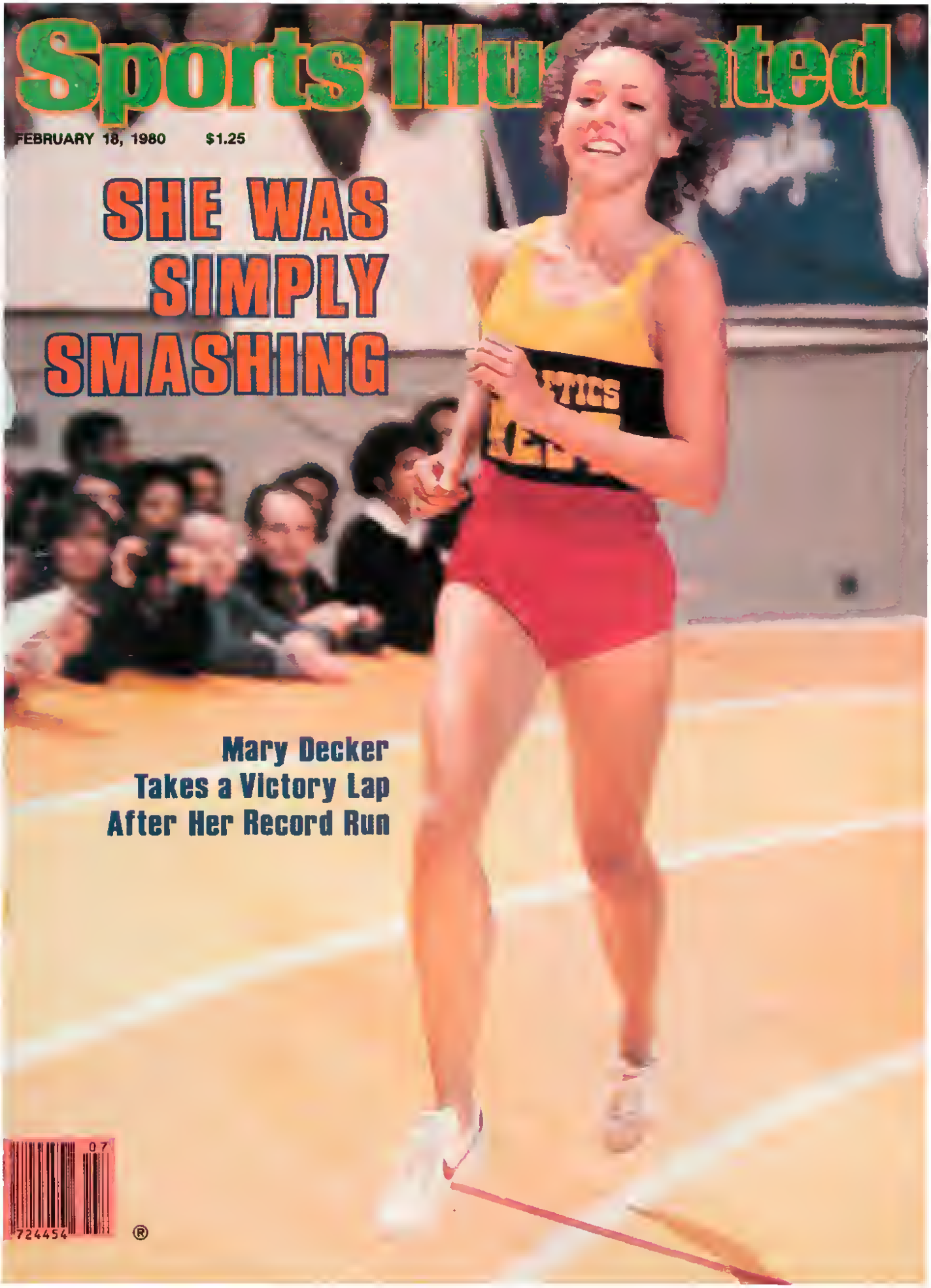
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AMID PAGEANTRY AND TURMOIL, but not much snow, the XIII Winter Olympic Games commence. William Oscar Johnson, Bob Ottum, E. M. Swift and Anita Verschoth cover the action on the runs, ovals, arenas, jumps and trails of Lake Placid.

THE BALD EAGLE, America's national bird, is the focus of a topsy-turvy controversy in Haines, Alaska, the species' major winter feeding ground, in which one faction calls eagle-loving militants "enemies of liberty." Ron Rau reports on the conflict.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

DIONNE: HE PROFILED DIONNE

Roger Dionne doesn't believe in playing the chalk. Fourteen years ago, in his hometown of Waterbury, Conn., he campaigned for a seat in the state House of Representatives. Because he was an anti-Vietnam War Republican of French-Canadian descent running in an Irish pro-war Democratic district, he was an out bet to lose, which he did, by a landslide. Later he got tenure at Manchester (Conn.) Community College, then up and chucked it for free-lance writing. That gamble he's winning.

Dionne's profile of ice hockey star Marcel Dionne (they are not related), which begins on page 38 of this issue, is his fourth piece for SI. Next week we will publish No. 5, a study of Gary Austin, a Las Vegas legend who wagers about $30 million a year on sports events.

Dionne on Dionne was a natural. Besides the surname, they have a common heritage. Marcel is a Quebecois; both sides of Roger's family come from that province, and his parents spoke only French to him until he was 3.

Dionne, now 43, received a degree in English from Yale in 1958 and flew off to Hawaii to teach at a private high school there. He returned to the mainland long enough to get his master's at Georgetown before heading off again, this time to Togo, where he spent 2½ years teaching English to African dignitaries. "Because I was fluent in French, I was the token American at all the parties," he says. "I knew the president and the streetwalkers, and I became very good friends with the Soviet commercial attaché. We would play chess on Sunday afternoons and talk politics."

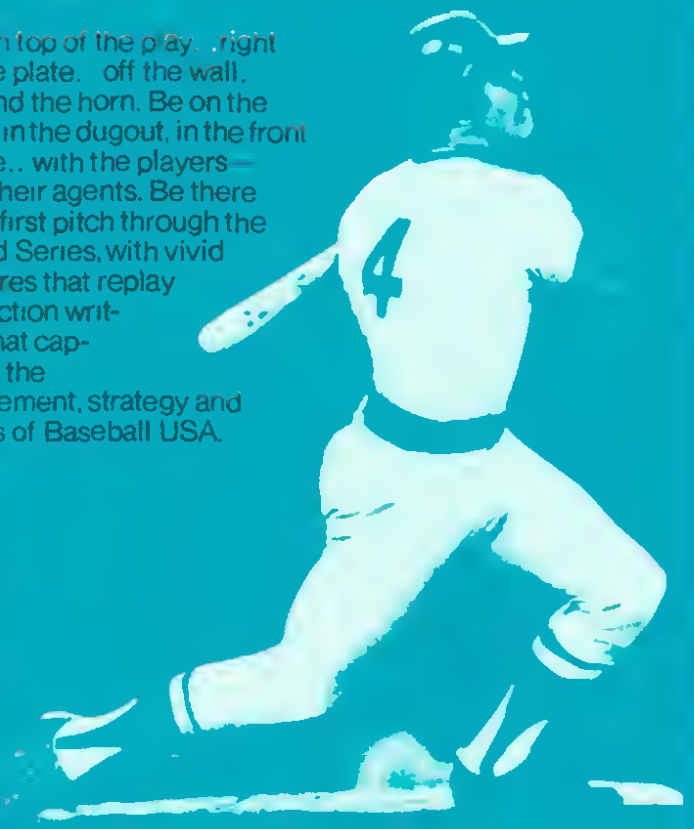
Roger Dionne, who also speaks Spanish and has taught languages in Mexico, Switzerland and Morocco, interviewed Marcel Dionne in English because Marcel's English is better than Roger's now-rusty French. "After I had three or four long sessions with him," says Roger, "my wife, stepdaughter and I had a marvelous Sunday at Marcel's home. We spent the entire day talking and drinking, to my recollection, a great deal of beer. He's an incredibly hospitable guy, and I couldn't get over how much he reminded me of my father."

Hockey is a new subject for Dionne. Most of his writing until now, except for four unpublished novels and a short story in *Playboy*, has been about games of chance and their players. He has been a features editor and bridge columnist for a Los Angeles-based magazine, *Gambling Times* (for which he wrote a 10-part series, "Gambling in America"), and his first three stories for SI were on bridge expert Oswald Jacoby, backgammon ace Paul Magriel and blackjack. He prepped for all this as a boy by taking on his grandmother in a card game called Russian Bank as well as winning a few small duplicate-bridge tournaments.

Today Dionne lives in the placid, smoggy town of South Pasadena, Calif., where he is busy plotting what he claims will be the world's first backgammon mystery novel, as well as two books on gambling—in Dionne's case a sure bet.

Peter Carlson

BE THERE FOR BASEBALL '80.



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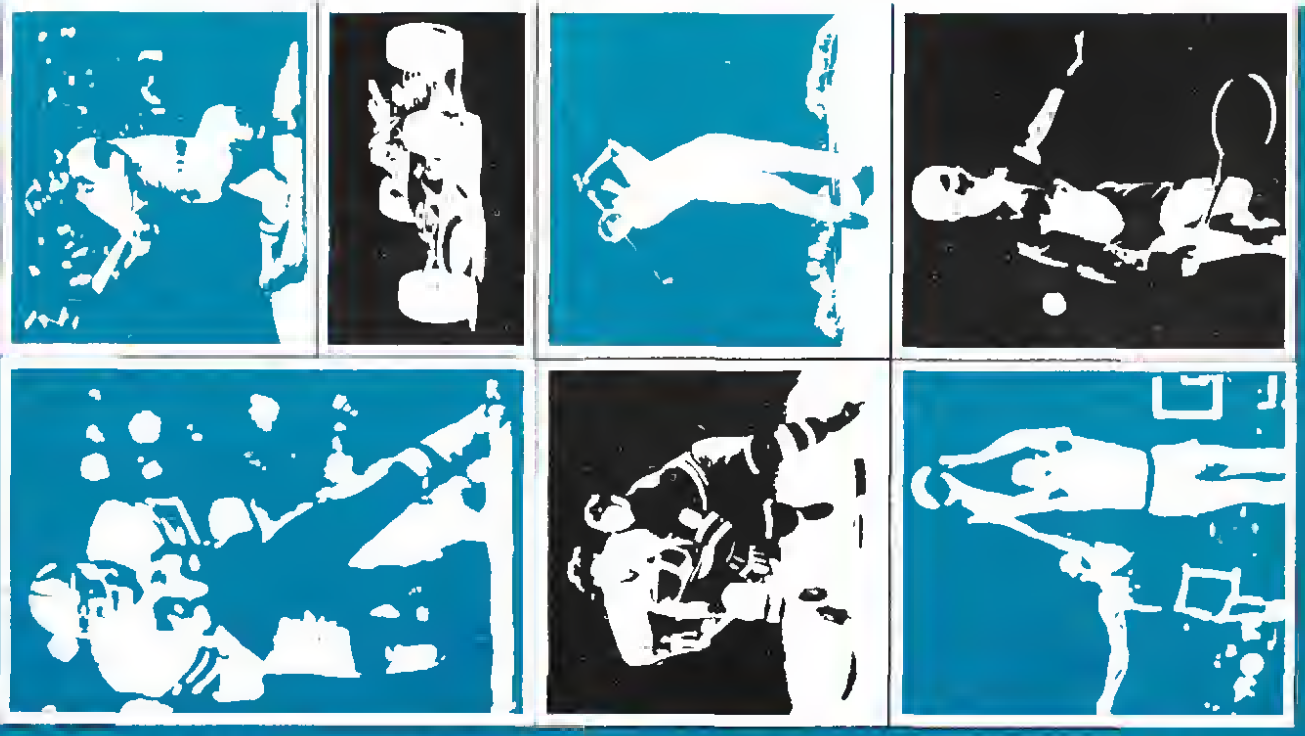

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

GOING THE WOOD-STOVE ROUTE HAS ITS ATTRACTIONS, BUT DRAWBACKS, TOO

Burning wood to heat homes is catching on everywhere north of the Sun Belt. The reasons commonly cited for using wood as an energy source are that trees can be replaced, that wood is cheaper than oil, gas or electricity, and that cutting wood gets you out of doors and gives you a good workout, too, especially if you use a handsaw. So it would seem to be an ideal pursuit—exercising in the woods, conserving irreplaceable fossil fuels, and saving money in the process.

But the whole truth isn't so simple. It may be true that trees can be replaced rapidly, but that is the case only when they are properly harvested and new plantings are scientifically made. The Bureau of Land Management has had to close some woodcutting areas because of excessive forest damage. Recently, in one such area near Ashland, Ore., woodcutters illegally cut down 18 salable Douglas firs, cut madrones and left them to rot; used 4-wheel-drive vehicles off the road, making deep tire marks that will cause harmful erosion, and allowed slash piles to fall into roadside ditches, where they blocked water runoff—all in a three-week period. Regeneration won't be rapid in that area, or in others like it.

Cutting wood is certainly exercise, in a sense even more so than running, for your heart must work more than twice as hard to pump blood through the arms than it does to pump it through the legs. This is why so many people die while shoveling snow, and it may also explain why orchestra conductors, who use their arms often and vigorously, seem to live forever. The sedentary woodcutter, whose arms may commonly be used for nothing more strenuous than hoisting a can of beer, will clearly run some risk of a heart attack.

Assuming he does survive, the wood he burns may indeed save fossil fuels. Unfortunately, it may also be a major cause of pollution. In areas prone to air-stagnation problems home woodburning may already account for as much as 30% of particulate pollution.

Along with all of this, woodcutting can be a false economy. The cost of buying or renting a pickup truck, of gasoline to drive it to and from woodcutting areas, of upkeep, and of the installation and maintenance of a wood stove and chimney, are considerable. For many families in moderate-sized houses, oil, gas or electricity could actually be far cheaper, even at today's prices.

As attractive as they often seem, simple 19th-century solutions don't always solve our complex 20th-century problems. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A MERE AMUSEMENT?

Those who favor a boycott of the Moscow Olympics obviously believe that sports are important—a potent weapon with which to punish the Soviet Union. Yet, in arguing that the Summer Games are expendable, some of those same people also seem to imply, contradictorily, that sports are trivial, dwarfed by comparison with political and economic concerns. For example, Political Columnist George F. Will has sought to justify his advocacy of a boycott by dismissing the Olympics as "a mere amusement."

Inconsistency on the importance of sports—or at least the importance of athletes—is also evident in the reaction to Muhammad Ali's diplomatic foray into Africa. If President Carter erred in sending Ali to Africa to push for an Olympic boycott, it was because Ali was lamentably ill-informed on Afro-American relations, certainly not because he is an inconsequential personage. Ali was in India before leaving for Africa and in what amounted to acknowledgment of his stature, Soviet officials there tried to dissuade the ex-champ from making the trip. Subsequently, Ali was hugged and kissed by African admirers, the sort of reception not ordinarily afforded, shall we say, Kurt Waldheim. Nevertheless, many people, reportedly including Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere—who refused to meet Ali—betrayed at least a touch of condescension by complaining that Carter had entrusted the mission to a mere boxer.

Efforts to demean them notwithstanding, sports are not only important but elemental and indispensable. Paradoxically, though, they shouldn't be taken too seriously. Which is why it would be welcome to see the Olympic movement 1) survive its present crisis, and 2) emerge a bit less grandiose and self-important.

WINTER GREMLINS

A funny thing happened to a couple of the predictions that were supposed to appear in last week's Winter Olympic preview. Somewhere between SI's editorial offices and the printers, gremlins infiltrated the mechanical process, with the result that the bobsled selections were omitted, while those for women's cross-country skiing were run twice. Barring the appearance of those same gremlins on Lake Placid's fast Mount Van Hoevenberg course, these should be the bobsled medalists:

TWO-MAN

SCHÄRER-BENZ *Switzerland*
HILTEBRAND-RAHM *Switzerland*
GERMESHAUSEN-GERHARDT *East Germany*

FOUR-MAN

SWITZERLAND I
EAST GERMANY I
EAST GERMANY II

PROST!

At 11:30 a.m. Saturday a truck pulled up to the two-story Lake Placid house occupied by West Germany's Olympic committee and unloaded 100 cases of Grenzquell, one of that country's most venerable Pilsners. The beer was a gift to the 97 West German athletes competing in the Winter Olympics. It had been flown by the U.S. distributor, Olympia Brewing Company, from Seattle to New York City, then put aboard the truck for the 300-mile trip to Lake Placid. A West German official, Walter Roth, watched the valuable cargo being unloaded and said, "Now the Olympics may begin."

THE ODD COUPLE

At last week's NHL All-Star Game in Detroit, Philadelphia Flyer rookie Pete Peeters shared goaltending chores for the Campbell Conference with Chicago Black Hawk veteran Tony Esposito in its 6–3 loss to the Wales Conference. The two goalies also shared a hotel room the night before the game, although when Peeters went to bed, he still had never met Esposito, who was out for the evening. Peeters told the Philadelphia *Bulletin*'s Terry Brennan what happened next:

"I was asleep in bed about 3:30, 4 o'clock in the morning when I heard [Esposito] come in. He whacked me on the bottom of my feet and said, 'Hi, I'm Tony.' I told him I had already figured that out. Then he asked if I would mind if he turned on the TV. Four in the morning and he wants to watch TV. I don't know what he turned on, but the set was blasting. He jumped up to turn it down and hit the wrong button. Then the radio came on and *that* was blasting. Then he just cursed, turned the whole thing off and started pacing around in the dark. I didn't know what was going on

"Finally, he got in bed and went to sleep. I couldn't believe it. I've never heard anybody snore like that. At first I thought he was just kidding me. I didn't think anybody could make that much noise in their sleep. I lay there for a while

but when he didn't stop, I rolled over and threw a pillow at him. He didn't even move an inch. I stayed there for about 20 minutes and then I couldn't take it anymore. I put on a shirt, put on my pants, didn't even bother with socks and went downstairs and told them I had to check into another room."

Under the circumstances, the 6–3 defeat may qualify as a moral victory.

RAISING THE ANTE

Can that American institution, the $2 bet, be going the way of the penny postcard, the nickel phone call and 2¢ plain? Last week the Louisville Downs harness track became the first U.S. racetrack to ir-

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The speed is flashed on the lerge LED display and is shown in miles per hour

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SUCCESS AND GOOD THINGS

The unit comes in a sports blue color end weighs 38 4 ounces, exclusive of batteries. It's rugged, well built and designed to endure the typical use and abuse it would normally receive

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revocably drop the $2 wager. The track introduced a minimum bet of $3, a move officials blamed on the rising cost of processing each bet.

And the way inflation is going, that other traditional wager, a dollar to a donut, may soon be an even-money proposition.

TIME FOR REFORM

Three professional boxers and an amateur have suffered fatal brain injuries in the ring in recent weeks, underscoring the haphazard manner in which the sport is administered in the U.S. In the case of professionals, boxing is governed by state or local commissions whose rules and practices vary bewilderingly and urgently need reform.

More frequent and more stringent medical exams are essential. Some ring deaths might well be averted if electroencephalograms for detecting brain injury were administered at least once a year and whenever a fighter takes a beating. Should irregularities be indicated, a CAT scan, which yields more reliable diagnostic results, would then be given. If a fighter is knocked out or absorbs severe punishment, he should be barred from boxing or even sparring for 30 days or longer. Referees, trainers and cornermen should be licensed—and then only if they demonstrate ability to recognize head trauma. Until the recent rash of fatalities, only a few commissions required any such measures. Several other commissions are now tightening up their procedures. But laxity is still the rule.

To bring about the necessary reforms, state commissions would have to maintain accurate records on fighters and promptly share information with one another as well as with foreign authorities. Willie Classen, who died in New York on Nov. 28, had succeeded in hiding from that state's commission the fact that he had been knocked out in England six weeks earlier, and there also was confusion about the record of Tony Thomas, who died in Spartanburg, S.C. on Jan. 1. New York State Athletic Commissioner Jack Prenderville calls for creation of a national federation of commissions to implement uniform licensing, judging and medical procedures. This organization also would maintain information on fighters, an objective Prenderville hopes to foster by means of a computerized record-keeping system. He and others further advocate the introduction of a passportlike document containing a boxer's ring record and medical history. The passport would be surrendered before each bout and updated and returned to the boxer afterward.

Trouble is, all this requires cooperation among local commissions, which often are run by political appointees who care little about the sport. As Prenderville says, "We need to be unified, or else we'll be legislated by Washington. We need strong reciprocal agreement among the states." Prenderville's apprehensions are justified: the case for federal regulation of boxing is looking stronger all the time.

BBDWAFFR

The most esoteric statistic in sports may well be a new one kept for the University of Georgia basketball team. Under the heading "Basketball Bulldogs Doing Well Academically from Fall Reports" (or, we suppose, BBDWAFFR, for short), a recent press release proudly reports: "Georgia's basketball team passed over 93% of hours attempted. The Georgia cagers attempted 225 hours for the fall and passed 210."

BUSH LANDS A BEAUTY

Darrell Royal backs John Connally, Rocky Graziano supports Ronald Reagan, and Roosevelt Grier is for Jimmy Carter. But George Bush has outdone them all by reeling in the endorsement of Ray Scott of Montgomery, Ala. Ray Scott? He's president and board chairman of the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society (BASS), which has a cohesive membership of 350,000. And because many of the BASSers live in the South, Scott's support could carry weight in the Republican primaries in South Carolina on March 8 and in Florida, Alabama and Georgia three days later.

Scott, a member of Bush's national steering committee and his Alabama campaign chairman, calls Bush "the only guy who has come out for outdoor sports since Teddy Roosevelt." He also notes that Bush supports a proposed 3% federal excise tax on boats and other marine equipment to fund fishery research. Tackle manufacturers pay an excise tax of 10% for that purpose, and BASS and other fishing organizations deem it only fair that boat manufacturers pony up, too. And the fact that Bush likes to fish doesn't diminish him any in Scott's eyes, either.

"He's primarily a saltwater fisherman—Spanish mackerel, redfish and speckled trout—but I've been bass fishing with him," says Scott. "He's a good lefthanded caster, and he outfished me by taking a 4½-pound bass on a white skirted spinner bait. Even if he didn't handle a rod and reel well, I'd still vote for him. But it helps that he does."

Scott says his slogan is "A bass in every bush," and while he may be overdoing it there in his search for a play on words, Scott's clout should not be underestimated. He sent letters praising Bush to BASS' 19,000 members in Florida before a GOP statewide straw vote last fall in which Bush ran a surprisingly strong third behind Reagan and Connally. He now plans to mail 21,000 similar letters to members in South Carolina and Alabama. The letters will urge recipients to "cast"—no straining there—their ballots for Bush.

FORE! '84!

While Ray Scott fished for 1980 votes, a spectator at the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am golf tournament was already thinking about the Presidential election four years hence. As Gerald Ford walked the fairway during a round in the celebrity portion of the tournament, the fellow yelled, "How about '84, Jerry?"

Another kibitzer replied, "He'll be lucky if he breaks 90."

THEY SAID IT

- Wayne Boultinghouse, the basketball coach at Indiana State-Evansville, on the advantages of having 7′ 6½″ Center John Hollinden: "Just the other day we were in the Atlanta airport, and John helped out his teammates by reaching over the doors of the pay toilets and opening them from the inside."
- Ray Fitzgerald, Boston *Globe* columnist, on the 33 days it took NHL president John Ziegler to suspend three Boston Bruins for brawling with fans at Madison Square Garden: "He couldn't decide whether the 'i' came before or after the 'e' in Terry O'Reilly's name."
- Tommy Vardeman, the assistant basketball coach at Louisiana's Centenary College, on bench warmers: "Every team needs huggers. Those are the guys you sign so you can hug 'em after you win, instead of having to hug the guys who play and sweat." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 12, 1990

HAIL, THE CONQUERING HEROINE!

To the populace of Headlittle Corner on the day Jan Cheered for a world record in the 1,500, Mary Decker triumphantly took the Garden...

by JOE MARSHALL

CONTINUED

Hightower (in white) beat Young for the third time this season, and broke Candy's world record

From the start Mary Decker was running all alone. After just two of the 10¼ laps in the 1,500-meter run at last Friday's Wanamaker Millrose Games, she had opened a 15-yard lead over the six other runners in the event. All too obviously, the field offered no competition, but at the quarter-mile mark the jammed-to-the-rafters crowd in Madison Square Garden suddenly became aware that Mary Decker was in a race—a race with track history.

"Unofficially, at the quarter, 60.8," the meet announcer called out in a tone suggesting he would be taking his stopwatch in for adjustment the next morning. Then, a second later, a sense of real urgency boomed out over the P.A. system as he announced, "*Officially*, 60.3. Not even Eamonn Coghlan ran that fast."

That information sent an electric shock through the capacity crowd of 18,310, a world record for an indoor meet. Many spectators were heading for the exits in the wake of a lackluster Wanamaker Mile. Coghlan had won that event for the second year in a row, holding off a furious finishing kick by Villanova's Don Paige, but his time of 3:58.2 had disappointed fans who had hoped to see him break the 3:52.6 indoor record he set last year in San Diego. The 63.2 quarter-mile and 2:04.3 half-mile splits in the featured men's race had been followed by emphatic booing.

Now, as Decker sailed into her second quarter, her thick halo of curly hair bouncing in jaunty counterpoint to her effort, Coghlan stood underneath the stands, talking to some reporters about his victory. Suddenly, Craig Masback, who had finished third in the mile (3:59.8), interrupted. "Get this," he said to Coghlan. "Mary Decker just turned the quarter in 60. I think she's going for your San Diego record." That essentially ended Coghlan's conference as everyone broke to watch, and cheer, Decker.

On the high-banked yellow-and-orange track, the 21-year-old Decker raced alone toward the half-mile mark. When she had first burst to the front, the meet announcer had routinely pointed out that the American indoor record was 4:09.8 (Francie Larrieu, 1975). Now he blurted, "This is nothing short of incredible. The *world* indoor record is 4:03. That's a good chance, too." He didn't add that Romania's Natalia Maracescu had set that mark on an 8.9-lap track or that no other American woman had ever challenged the world standard at 1,500 meters, but then he might not have been heard had he tried. His pronouncements had transformed the crowd into Decker's pacesetter. As she circled the track, an ever-increasing roar circled with her, pulling her through the turns and down the straightaways.

Decker would later say that when she heard her quarter split, "I panicked a little. I thought, 'Oh, gosh, I've gone out too fast.'" She had reason to feel uneasy. On Jan. 26 in Auckland, New Zealand, she had set a world outdoor mile record of 4:21.7, .4 faster than the mark which Maracescu also held. That day Decker had run the first quarter in 62 flat and the half mile in 2:09, a pace that almost proved too demanding and made her struggle, fading all the time, through the second half. Accordingly, Decker had hoped to run a succession of 65-second quarters at the Millrose. Instead she went through the half mile in 2:05.9.

Her planning in ruins, Decker concentrated on maintaining her upright, elongated stride, which was gobbling up great sections of track as the din in the Garden swelled around her. She had no idea how far her body could take her. Only three days before, she had been in Australia. To get to the Millrose Games she had flown first to Auckland and on to Honolulu, Los Angeles and, briefly, to her home in Eugene, Ore. Then, after a three-hour fog delay, she traveled from Eugene to San Francisco, where she was too late to make her planned connection. Decker finally arrived in New York on Thursday night, less than 24 hours before the meet. She slept 12 of those hours and spent Friday afternoon wondering how all that travel might affect her.

Outwardly she seemed confident. Sitting in a coffee shop across the street from the Garden, she said boldly, "I would be pleased tonight with anything under the American record. I can't see 4:09 being that difficult. But a 4:02 world record would be really tough." Her confidence was based on her good condition, which is a state Decker has rarely been in during her track career. She had been a child prodigy, winning the AAU 880-yard title in 1974 at 15, but by the '76 Olympics a leg ailment had forced her off the track. The sheaths surrounding her calf muscles were too small and stiff to allow the muscles to expand, causing her sharp pain whenever she ran. Surgery corrected the condition in 1977, but then last year Decker injured her sciatic nerve and was able to race only six times. Her final '79 appearance was a winning 1,500 meters—in 4:05.7—at at the Pan American Games in July.

Recognizing that fatigue had led to her past injuries, Decker limited her training this fall to 70–80 miles a week, and whenever she felt sick or tired, she took a day off instead of pushing herself. She stayed healthy and has now built a base of strength she never had before. As she

went through the three-quarter-mile mark in 3:13.0 last Friday, she called on that strength for her race against the clock to the finish line.

The Garden crowd was now standing, the spectators stamping their feet and screaming, the athletes, the officials, even the gaudily uniformed specials in the infield applauding and cheering her on as she pounded down the backstretch, leaned into the final turn and headed for home, the strain of her lonely effort now showing in her face. When she flashed across the finish line, the clocks high above the arena froze at 4:00.82. Decker, her head hanging in exhaustion, didn't see the time. A meet official grabbed her, thrusting a stopwatch in front of her face. "I thought I'd run 4:05," she said later. "I couldn't believe it when I saw that double zero." She looked up, dazed, and then threw her arms up and hugged her head as she was engulfed by a mob of media people, meet officials and athletes. Her official time of 4:00.8 had broken the world record by 2.2 seconds, the American record by a staggering nine.

Decker was just one of several women who totally stole the show from the men at these 73rd Millrose Games. That pattern even held true for 32-year-old Madeline Manning, a three-time Olympian and winner of a gold medal at Mexico City in 1968, who had run 800 meters at the Garden three weeks earlier. That race was named in her honor, but after taking an early lead she had finished next to last. On Friday she again took the lead and again lost it, but this time she charged back and beat Robin Campbell at the tape, setting a Garden record of 2:05.6 and emphasizing that she wants to make another Olympic squad.

The women had grabbed the limelight right at the start of the evening, with a world indoor record in the first individual final, the 60-yard hurdles. That mark went to Ohio State's Stephanie Hightower, who upset high school senior Candy Young of Beaver Falls, Pa. by .01 of a second, in 7.47. Both finished under Young's old world record of 7.50. The difference between them was Hightower's acrobatic lean at the tape, a delicately balanced maneuver, made more difficult, no doubt, by the three earrings in her left ear and the two in her right.

Hightower, 21, ranked third in the U.S. in the hurdles last year but had been overshadowed by the rivalry between AAU indoor champion Young and the AAU outdoor champ, Deby LaPlante. Yet Hightower upset LaPlante at the collegiate championships last spring and has now beaten Young three out of four times this indoor season. Hightower attributes her success to a new, more tightly coiled start. "I know I have to beat Candy to the first hurdle because she's longer than I am," says the 5′ 4½″ senior, who majors in public relations. "Young beats me over the hurdles, but if I can beat her in between, then I can win."

For three years Hightower has been among the nation's top hurdlers but never quite good enough, as she puts it, "to have people ask me why I have three holes in my left ear and things like that." All right, Stephanie, why? "I like to be different. One day I didn't have anything else to do, so I punched another hole in my ear."

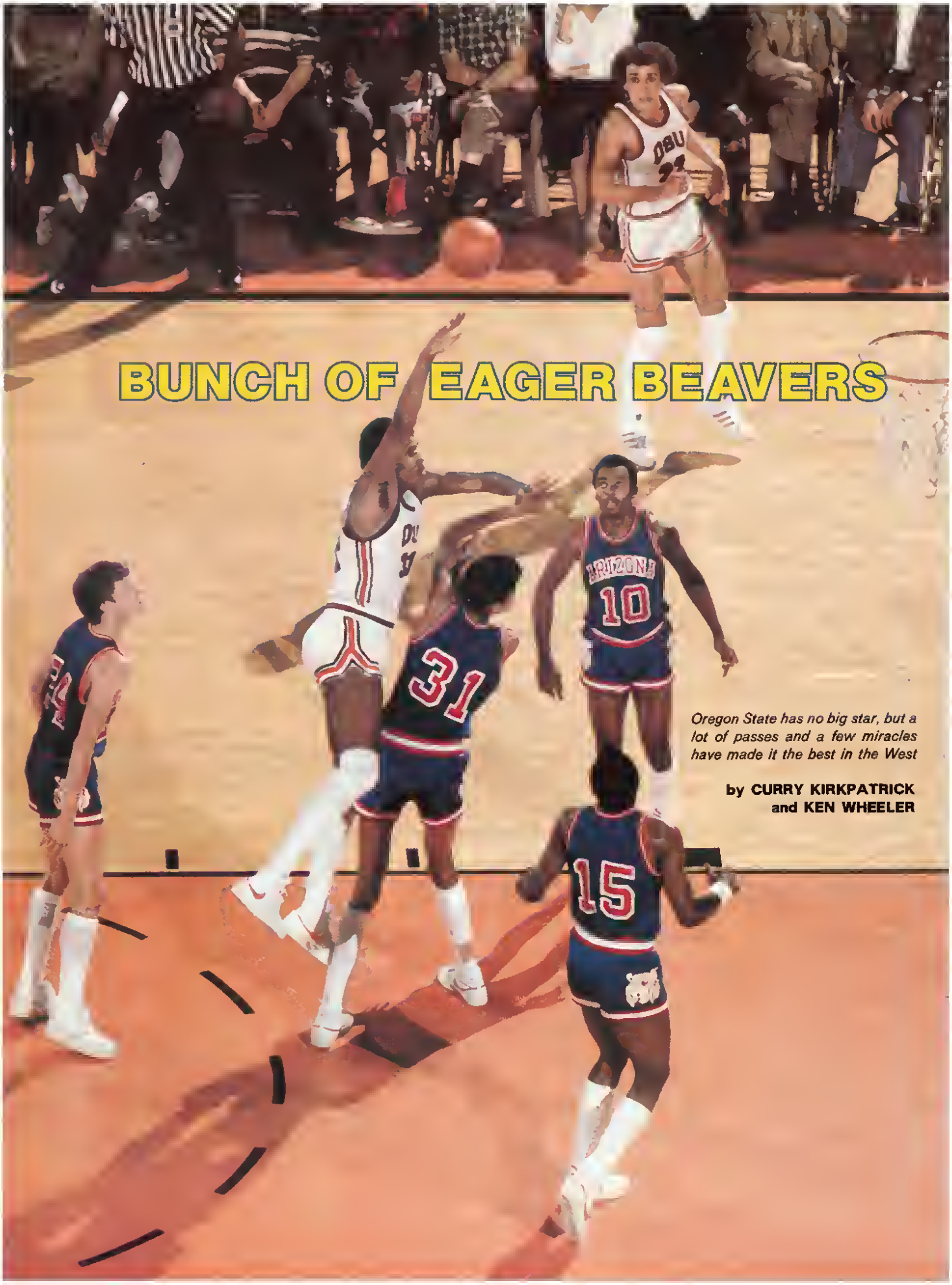
In between the world records by Hightower and Decker, Joni Huntley cleared 6′ 4¼″ to break her own American women's indoor high jump record by ¼″. Like Decker, Huntley's career had been almost ended by injury. The Millrose was just her fourth meet after a layoff of 18 months and two operations on her takeoff foot, the left.

Huntley first started aching the week before the 1977 World Cup in Düsseldorf. She pulled out of that meet, thinking she had a bad heel bruise. Actually she had ripped the principal muscle maintaining the arch in her foot. Gradually the pain increased. She still managed to set her mark of 6′ 4″ at the start of the 1978 indoor season, but slowly she became less and less effective. "I did everything I could before I went to the knife," she says, but after being unable to jump in the summer of '78, she finally agreed to surgery.

Huntley now feels the layoff improved her jumping. "I used the time off to lift weights, do bounding drills, run up hills, anything I could do to increase my strength," she said after her record jump. "In the past I had jumped at every opportunity instead of really training. I had never built my strength the way I wanted." As with Decker, her newfound strength is paying dividends.

Decker was named the outstanding performer of the meet and awarded a Waterford crystal decanter. She said she would fill it with port, if she could get it back to Eugene in one piece. She was cradling her delicate trophy protectively when she finally emerged from the Garden and headed across Seventh Avenue for her hotel. Up the street a traffic light changed, and six lanes' worth of New York taxis charged toward her. Decker had plenty of time to scamper across the street, but instead retreated to the curb. "I'm not fast enough," she murmured apologetically as the yellow horde careened past. It was the second time that night Decker had underrated her speed, but then who could blame her? After all, a board track is a lot more forgiving than a New York taxicab driver. END

Huntley gets a kiss for a record that's smack on



BUNCH OF EAGER BEAVERS

Oregon State has no big star, but a lot of passes and a few miracles have made it the best in the West

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK
and KEN WHEELER

Whatever else happens to the Oregon State Beavers this season—and their memorable moments may barely have begun—they will get chills every time they think about the night of Feb. 7. They were home, at Gill Coliseum in Corvallis, playing Arizona State for the Pac-10 lead—and perhaps the league title. Both teams had 10–1 conference records, and UCLA (8–4) had been all but put away for good. Aside from the two clubs playing at Gill, only Washington State (9–3) had more than vague hopes of winning the championship. But the evening wasn't going well for the Beavers. It had, in fact, been fairly awful. With less than two minutes remaining in the game, Lafayette Lever of the Sun Devils drove in for a layup that would have put his team 10 points in front. That will do it, Beaver fans. Lights out, good night.

Oops! Lever's layup rolled around and out. "I couldn't believe it," Beaver Guard Mark Radford would say later. "But I got a good feeling."

With that, the whole game turned around. Three times in the ensuing 1:40 Arizona State missed the front end of a one-and-one. Oregon State scored six points. But with 18 seconds to go the Beavers still trailed, 66–64, and Arizona State's 7-foot Alton Lister was at the line for yet another one-and-one. And yet another first-shot miss.

The Beavers got the ball to their big man, 6′ 10½″ Center Steve Johnson. Nine seconds left. Johnson threw up a hook from the key, and no one will ever know if the ball would've dropped. An overanxious Lister swatted it away. Goaltending. That tied the score 66–66 and sent the game into overtime. Arizona State was through. The Beavers never trailed again in winning 82–75.

Two nights later the Beavers beat Arizona 73–63, no miracles required, although there were moments late in the game when they looked ragged. Ahead 40–27 early in the second half, they let Arizona tie it up at 47–47, but then Johnson, the nation's leader in field-goal percentage, scored 13 of his 28 points to put Oregon State in front for good. Later that day Arizona State squashed Oregon 88–65, but with the Sun Devils facing a more difficult schedule in the weeks to come, it seemed as if Oregon State's one-game lead might hold up. It has been 14 years since the Beavers last won the conference title—UCLA having dominated the league ever since—but now virtually everyone in the small Willamette Valley town of Corvallis is talking about the Orange Express. Next stop, say Beaver fans, is Indianapolis, the final four and a possible national championship. After the Arizona State game, who can doubt them?

In possession of the ball but possessed himself, Blume searches for someone to lend him a hand

Some Wildcats seem transfixed by Johnson's hook, and why not? He hits 72.5% of his shots

Oldtimers around Gill Coliseum say one must go back 25 years to match the excitement this season's team is generating. The hysteria of 1955 reached its zenith in March. There in the finals of the NCAA Western Regional tournament on the Oregon State campus were the Beavers, anchored in the middle by a rarity at that time, an honest-to-goodness seven-footer. This one, Swede Halbrook, in fact stood 7′ 3″. Lining up against Oregon State was the University of San Francisco led by Bill Russell.

A crowd of 11,206 packed Gill for that game, and the place was in an uproar right up until the Beavers' last-second shot bounced off the rim. USF, a 57–56 winner, went on to the national championship.

"We'll never have another crowd quite like the one at the USF game," says Paul Valenti, an assistant coach to Slats Gill that year and now an associate athletic director at Oregon State. "The fire marshal won't let that many people in here anymore, but the crowds now are as noisy and supportive as any I can remember, except for the one that night against the Dons."

And the souvenir business is booming. The items are selling so fast that the hawkers are busy as, well, Beavers. There are T shirts lettered ORANGE EXPRESS; painters' hats with a big No. 1 embla-

continued

In this Beaver team, Miller has a killer-diller

EAGER BEAVERS *continued*

zoned on them, large foam-rubber hands with a finger extended signifying No. 1; and all kinds of standard items such as orange-and-black scarves, banners, shirts and coffee mugs.

Despite all the excitement locally and the Beavers' brilliant 12–1 record in the Pac-10 (22–2 overall), Oregon State's national stature is nearly as shaky as its win over Arizona State. That's another result of past UCLA domination in the conference—a feeling outside the Western ZIP codes that if the Bruins are down this season, the rest of the Pac-10 must be definitely out.

Even though Oregon State's 76–67 victory over UCLA at Corvallis on Jan. 3—which the Bruins avenged 93–67 in Los Angeles two weeks ago—sent the Beavers paddling upstream and the Bruins plummeting out of the national picture, two other Oregon State victories give a better indication of the balance at the top of the Pac-10. Back to back, the Beavers beat Arizona State by four points in Tempe—the Sun Devils were playing without two-thirds of their huge front line, Lister and 6′ 8″ Sam Williams—then Washington State by two points when a Cougar freshman missed the first of a one-and-one opportunity at the buzzer. Did these results make an impression on the pollsters? Three weeks ago ASU (17–5 on the year) humiliated bitter rival Arizona 97–72 and dropped *out* of the Top 20; Washington State (17–4) has never made it in.

"We're always underrated. It goes with the territory," says Cougar Coach George Raveling. "But Oregon State is as good as any team that's played in this conference in my seven years here."

The Beavers have been less ignored—they've been as high as No. 2 in the polls and were ranked fourth last week—simply because they were the first in the neighborhood to beat UCLA. They are a bunch of productive overachievers, a unique blend of red- and white-chippers who, under the stern (cigarette in) hand of their chain-smoking coach, 60-year-old Ralph Miller, have come to appreciate the value of the pass, the back-door play and teamwork.

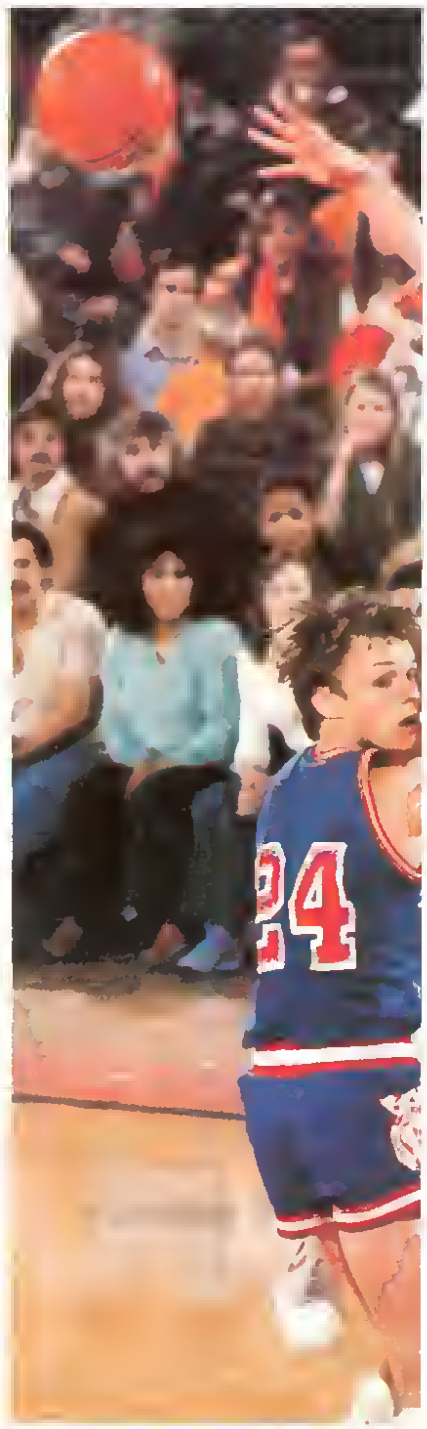
At the offensive end Oregon State whips the ball around in the European style, seldom even dribbling. (In recent years the Beavers have defeated the national squads of both Yugoslavia and—boo, hiss—Russia.) Oregon State had 542 assists at the end of last week—roughly twice as many as UCLA, for instance—and had scored three out of every four baskets as the direct result of a pass.

This tightly molded bunch is right out of *Rocky* by way of *Oliver Twist.* The center, Johnson, ran away from his home near Los Angeles because of his love for the game; his parents, Seventh-Day Adventists, had prevented him from playing organized ball through his junior year in high school. It was only after he moved in with a cousin that he got on the court. Johnson's alternate, the burly Tony Xavier Martin, dropped out of high school in Washington, D.C., worked construction, dropped into junior college in Washington state, got hurt, took a job in a cannery and finally wound up in Corvallis, where he is still only a 25-year-old senior, though he looks mature enough to be married to Cyd Charisse.

Dwayne Allen, a 6′ 4″ nonscoring defensive specialist who might wind up in pro football (Miller says, "I always claimed I could improve any player's shooting; Dwayne proved me wrong"), is another Californian, but the remaining four important Beavers are all from Oregon, a major surprise in itself.

There are Rob Holbrook, a square-shouldered forward who played all of 42 minutes last year before developing a one-hand—get this—*set* shot in the off-season; Jeff Stoutt, the slow but pure-shooting sixth man; and the heart of the Beavers, the exciting junior backcourt of Ray Blume and Radford, who appear to have been recruited out of San Juan rather than Portland and who have combined to bring a little of the flavor of *West Side Story* to the West Coast. "I used to get mad when people asked if I was white or black. I used to duke people out over that," says Blume. "Now I don't care. Pick any color you want." Radford, wiry curls and slick pencil mustache glistening in the lights, merely resembles Gilbert Roland in his swashbuckling days.

Radford, Blume and Stoutt—along with Danny Ainge, the baseball-basketball star at Eugene—were all among the best high school seniors in Oregon history, and they went to college the same year. While Brigham Young got Ainge,



a Mormon, Oregon State signed the others. They have contributed to a typical Miller organization, all the Beavers being lightly recruited, intelligent, team-oriented athletes who, as one OSU man puts it, "project into our concept." Stunningly, they also are projecting crusty old Miller into the final four, where he might expect to meet that other golden-ager, DePaul's Ray Meyer. "I've got to call Ray pretty soon so we can line up an agenda for senior citizens' week," Miller says.

A review of the Beaver coach's career encompasses some of the biggest names in the game: college years under Phog Allen at Kansas; coaching against Oklahoma State's Henry Iba, when Miller was at Wichita State. Miller was quite a football player, too, once passing for five touchdowns in a game for Kansas. And *passing* has remained the priority on Miller's basketball teams, earning him the respect of peers and purists everywhere.

As a coach, Miller came close to the NCAA tournament finals in 1964 with Dave Stallworth at Wichita State. He almost made it again in 1970 with Fred Brown and John Johnson at Iowa, but the Hawkeyes, unbeaten in the Big Ten, lost to Jacksonville on a fluke in the regionals.

Against Arizona, Stoutt demonstrates the Oregon State style: fake a drive and pass to an open man.

At Corvallis, Miller has been through the trauma of two potentially wondrous eras that simply went unfinished. The first ended when a fine guard named Mike Keck was killed in an automobile accident. The second was disrupted by a maze of lawsuits over the eligibility of Lonnie Shelton in 1976. Brown . . . Johnson . . . Shelton. That makes three members of the NBA-champion SuperSonics whom Miller tutored in college. And now, the third Miller "era" is in full cry at Oregon State.

This one has revolved by chance around the friendly Johnson, whom Beaver assistant coaches discovered when he was an unknown senior playing his first year of organized ball at San Gorgonio High in San Bernardino. The aftereffects of stress fractures in his feet severely hamper Johnson's jumping and rebounding. He also has, as they say, "a soft body," and he has yet to cover anybody on defense. But shooting? Oh, Lord. The touch is everywhere. Angular cuts in the lane. Twists and turns under the glass. A sweet hook. He's the second coming of Billy (The Hill) McGill. He scored 18.4 points a game last season while shooting .661, which was the third-best percentage in the land. This season Johnson is firing at a .725 pace and honing in on the NCAA single-season (.699) and career (.662) shooting marks held by the legendary Joe Senser of West Chester State.

Though the Beavers as a team are third in the country in field-goal percentage (.548), they are only average from the line. "At the foul line we have to think," explains Johnson, whose free-throw percentage is 11 percentage points lower than his field-goal mark. "We're in trouble when we think."

You wouldn't have guessed it watching the Arizona game. The Beavers hit on 23 of 26 free throws, including the final 13, and that as much as anything else won the game.

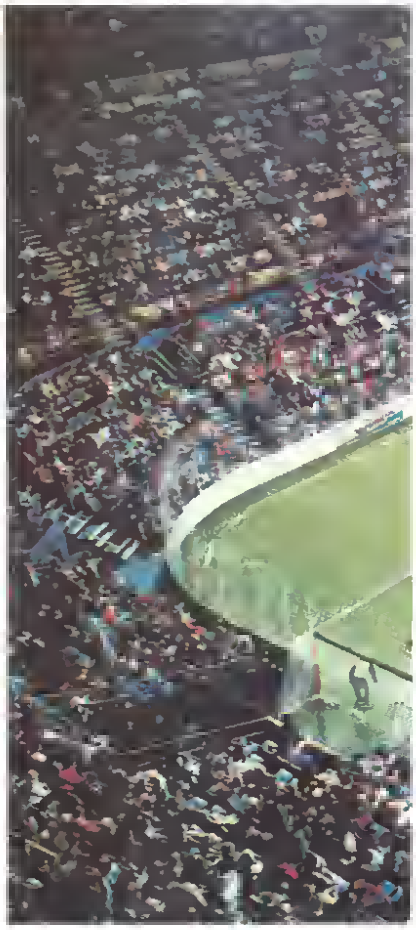
"I've been voting them in the Top Five all season," said Arizona Coach Fred Snowden. "That's a fine team with good poise, and it will be hard for anyone to beat them."

Everyone in the Willamette Valley will agree with him. **END**

THEY GET THEIR KICKS ON A HOCKEY RINK

Indoor soccer—two leagues, 20 teams coast-to-coast—makes the outdoor version look pale. There's lots of action, plenty of scoring and some surprising sellouts

by J. D. REED



They appear, running, out of a swirling cloud of steam, like minor gods in an Aristophanes comedy, to be greeted by a hysterical ovation from 15,000 hyped-up fans in the St. Louis Checkerdome. The rock group Kiss? The hockey-playing St. Louis Blues? Neither. The disco-punctuated, foot-stomping entrance is the specialty of the St. Louis Steamers, indoor soccer's best-drawing franchise and exemplars of this winter's most startling sports phenomenon.

Indoor soccer—six men to a side, on a surface of artificial turf laid out in a hockey arena, utilizing rebounds from the boards and featuring staccato action and a ton of scoring—may be a nightmarish aberration to soccer purists who love the rhythmic classicism of the outdoor game. But this winter, the indoor variety, as offered by two rival 10-team leagues in 19 cities, is packing a lot of arenas and causing a good deal of head-scratching among those attempting to explain its sudden popularity.

How, for instance, can the Steamers draw sellout and near-sellout crowds for Major Indoor Soccer League games when the old St. Louis Stars of the North American Soccer League, playing outdoors, were driven by yawning apathy from this venerable breeding ground of American soccer two seasons ago? The Steamers' average crowd is 13,523, even though their record is 8–13, the second-worst in the MISL. And in the NASL's version of the indoor game, the Memphis Rogues, who finished last summer's outdoor season with a miserable 6–24 record and drew a paltry 7,137 fans per game, now routinely pack the Mid-South Coliseum with crowds of 8,300 and are close to the lead in their division. Last season's Soccer Bowl runners-up, the Tampa Bay Rowdies, not long ago put 5,858 fans in the 5,548-seat Bayfront Center, a standing-room feat.

Bob Rigby, a seven-season NASL goalkeeper now with the Philadelphia Fever of the MISL, is ecstatic. "Some crazy must have invented this sport," he says. "It's a zoo, a circus. I can't believe anybody takes it seriously, but they do. It's a human pinball game."

Indeed. Attackers flood the area in front of the 12-foot-wide by 6′ 6″-high goal and pepper shots bumper-pool fashion off the boards, off each other and straight on, trying for a score. The action is accompanied by disco sounds, flashing lights and eight-foot-tall mascots like the Fever's Socceroo, whose costume is wired for electric lights and who throws Frisbees into the crowd.

Deputy Commissioner Ed Tepper, whose brainchild is the two-year-old MISL, would like to make one thing perfectly clear. "It's not the world's most popular game, soccer, that we're playing indoors," he says. "It's athletic show business, an entertainment."

MISL Commissioner Earl Foreman, a former owner of the NBA Bullets, the ABA Squires and the NFL Eagles, says, "What we've done is capture the speed and artistry of the outdoor game and added some distinctly American flavors. There's high scoring and time-outs. Our game is broken into four 15-minute periods, while the outdoor game has two 45-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN

MISL's lowly Steamers, last in their division, draw 15,000-plus into the Checkerdome in St. Louis

minute halves of continuous action. We have body contact and the rules are very simple. Anyone can enjoy it."

Deep-think strategy is not a big part of the indoor game; fast break on offense, get four guys back on defense is pretty much it. For fans accustomed to the outdoor version, goals seem to come with dizzying frequency. An outdoor game may end 1–0 and leave the crowd delighted. In indoor soccer the score is more likely to be 10–8. And while an outdoor goalie may consider as few as half a dozen saves a day's work, indoor goalkeepers routinely face more than 45 on-goal shots per game. The current record for two teams in a 60-minute game is 165, the highest total score 14–8.

The Rogues' success is partly attributable to the high-speed action of their game and partly to the fact that they have a new owner. Avron Fogelman, a 39-year-old Memphis real-estate magnate, bought the sagging franchise from a disgusted out-of-towner, Harry T. Mangurian, who also owns the Boston Celtics. Stressing his hometown credentials, Fogelman began to apply proven techniques and hard cash to selling the Rogues. "Memphis is like my living room," says Fogelman, who also owns the Memphis Chicks, a Double-A baseball team that also draws uncommonly well. "I know where all the power switches are." And Fogelman promised his fans the sort of non-stop hysteria that seems to be a big factor in indoor soccer's success. "They won't sit on their hands. Anytime there's a break in the action we'll have music or something going on."

Indoor soccer has been around for a while. In Europe, it has long been a gymnasium game in the winter, though there the goals are the standard 8′ x 24′ outdoor ones and there are no hockey boards. The sport attracted professional interest in the U.S. in 1974 when Philadelphia played a Russian squad at The Spectrum and drew a crowd of 13,700. After that, the NASL backed and filled, never scraping together more than a few

continued

The indoor goalie's nightmare: a point-blank shot by Detroit zings by St. Louis keeper Eric Delabar.

Kids have helped give St. Louis a banner year.

Owner Fogelman has the Rogues really rolling.

teams to play a few games each season.

In 1978, however, Tepper and Foreman sensed that the time was ripe for indoor soccer and formed the MISL, selling franchises for $25,000 apiece in Cincinnati, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Houston, and filling the rosters mostly with young American players, most of them bench warmers in the foreign-dominated NASL during the summer. The clubs met with enough success for the league to expand to 10 teams, each playing a 32-game schedule—up from 24—this winter. The MISL dropped Cincinnati but added teams in Buffalo, Hartford, St. Louis, Detroit and Wichita. An established MISL franchise is now worth about $1 million.

Having watched the MISL survive its first season and head into a second, the NASL decided to get into the act. This winter the league has 10 of its 24 franchises playing 12-game November-February schedules: Tampa, Fort Lauderdale, Memphis, Atlanta, Los Angeles, California (Anaheim), Detroit, Minnesota, New England and Tulsa. Fan response has been mixed. Minnesota is getting 10,000-plus crowds, and Memphis hovers near sellouts. But lowly Fort Lauderdale attracts only 2,223 fans a game. In Detroit, the only city where the two leagues confront each other, the MISL's Lightning draws an average of 4,865 and NASL's Express 3,497.

NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam says he is encouraged by the results so far and is not at all reluctant to claim a little credit for his league. "We pioneered indoor soccer in this country—it's a natural complement to the outdoor season," he says. "And most owners can now see its potential. The spirit of the game is right for the times."

One of the MISL's chief drawing points has been its insistence on using home-grown talent. League rules require that 12 of the 16 players on a team's game roster must be North Americans. In contrast, the NASL stipulates that only five members of its teams' 14-man rosters must be North Americans. The MISL rule not only saves money—Americans come cheaper than big-name foreign stars—but also squarely faces up to the fact that the big stars will not play on the hard artificial turf of indoor soccer. Too much chance of injury, they say.

Foreman also finds a chauvinistic satisfaction in the arrangement. "We felt that people wanted to see American kids, their own kids, playing," he says. "The NASL hasn't done much for them. We wanted to be the league where no American would wind up holding Beckenbauer's warmup jacket.

"One of the few successful sports transplants has been American baseball in Japan," says Foreman. "Do you think it would have worked if half the Osaka roster had been from Pittsburgh? We're committed to American players."

No wonder that some of the most talented young Americans are now signing up with the MISL instead of the NASL and finding themselves beneficiaries of the early stages of what could develop into a bidding war between the two leagues. Professional-quality U.S. soccer players are still in woefully short supply. Ty Keough, 23, a talented defender, signed with the MISL's Cincinnati franchise when he graduated from St. Louis University in '78. He now plays with the Steamers—Cincinnati being defunct—but last summer he was loaned to the NASL's San Diego Sockers. He is now considering offers for the coming outdoor season. "I'm happy I signed in MISL," Keough says. "I get a lot of game time and I can be choosy about NASL offers. I've got a steady income."

Steamer Forward Carl Rose is introduced to the Checkerdome crowd through a cloud of guess what

continued

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Some of Keough's less-talented buddies find that salaries in the MISL are higher than those in the NASL, because Americans are not merely low-rent bodies filling out rosters in the MISL. Ten Fever players are Philadelphia products or went to college in the area. Fourteen of the Steamers are from St. Louis, as is Coach Pat McBride.

A lot of Europeans may simply not be interested in the indoor game. Germany's Hubert Vogelsinger, in summertime the coach of the NASL Sockers, recently retired from the MISL after a short traumatic tour of duty as technical adviser of the Hartford Hellions. "It hurts so much in here," he moaned, pounding his chest, "when you see those terrible shots, those—what do you say?—misfires, going into the net. The whole game's an accident."

Indoor soccer fanatics don't regard that as a valid argument against the entertaining nature of their game. Recently in St. Louis, the Steamers had Detroit beaten 6–1 with 10 minutes left in the final quarter. The Steamers' victory song, *Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now* was booming over the speakers when Lightning tough guy Manny Hernandez elbowed Keough to the turf in front of the Steamers' goal.

The crowd howled for Hernandez' blood, and a bench-clearing semi-melee ensued, with players pushing and threatening fisticuffs that never quite materialized. However, it was enough for referee Joseph Machnik. He sent Hernandez to the penalty box with a five-minute misconduct. Steve Pecher of the Steamers was also given five minutes for being the third man into the fight, and Steamer Goalie Robert Robson was given a major penalty for chasing Hernandez to the Lightning bench. All three penalties also meant automatic ejection.

Playing with five men against St. Louis' four, Detroit scored a goal 26 seconds after the penalties had been assessed, bringing the score to 6–2.

It then developed that no one in the Checkerdome that night knew what should happen next—except Machnik. Should stand-ins for the penalized Steamers now be allowed to enter the game—as the St. Louis players argued—or should they be kept out of action until the five minutes had expired, as is the rule in the NHL? The referee decreed that the penalties be served out.

Detroit Coach Terry Fisher, one of three Americans guiding MISL teams, put a field player in for his goalkeeper, and Detroit hammered the beleaguered Steamers for five more goals before the penalties expired. This blitz occurred before an astonished, almost dead-quiet crowd of 15,125 seething Steamer fans.

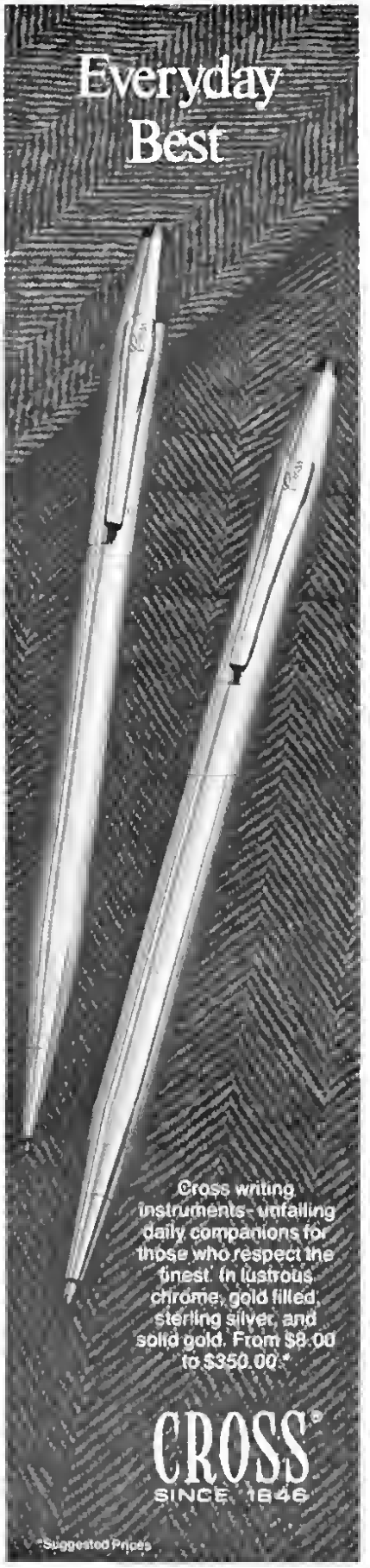
Ah, but this was indoor soccer. Trailing 7–6 when the penalties ended, the Steamers came back to tie the game in regulation time and win it 8–7 in sudden-death overtime. The Checkerdome erupted in a shower of Busch Bavarian. Said a trembling security guard, wiping the perspiration—or was it suds—from inside his hat, "Whew, can you imagine anybody who bought a $2.50 ticket to this thing going home and saying they didn't have a good time?"

Although both Woosnam and Foreman shy away from calling their confrontation a war, both will escalate the stakes next year. At an NASL owners meeting in Chicago later this week, the league will consider expanding next winter's season. Woosnam would like all 24 NASL teams to participate, but this is doubtful. The MISL will add two Rocky Mountain-area franchises and two on the West Coast and is considering a December-April schedule of 40 games, which would overlap the start of the NASL outdoor season.

"We don't worry anymore about depending on NASL to furnish us players," says Foreman. "Only 35% of our guys are on loan from NASL teams. We can do without them."

Both leagues are optimistic about possible television revenues from the indoor game. "It is perfect for television," says Tepper. "You can see the whole field at once, and close-ups of players are more possible. Plus, you've got regular timeouts, and that sells beer, tires and razor blades." The MISL now has a contract with a cable television network that airs selected games to more than five million viewers in 47 states.

But what, one wonders, are all those folks watching? Is it Socceroo, or is it the soccer? The crowds are coming in increasing numbers, but still no one is sure why. Maybe Paul Cannell, the fine and flaky English forward of the Rogues, has the answer. "I'm astounded at the crowds," he says. "I sense that Americans have found a game they can love. We've come up with something that's magic." Magic or human pinball, the craze may be around for a while. **END**



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

Italy's Campagnolo bicycle components have for decades been the best of the best, so much so that sporting them has become a sport itself

by COLES PHINIZY

As we all know, the United States of America is going to hell in a handbasket. The dollar is down, inflation is rampant. The Arabs refuse to sell us their oil at our prices. Ralph Nader says synthetic fuels are a delusion and nuclear energy is worse. Scientists have confirmed that the sun is shrinking while the polar ice caps are advancing, and this month musk oxen were sighted on the outskirts of Duluth and Buffalo, presaging another wretched winter.

But even in the worst of times there is some sunshine. Anyone caring to bask in what is left of it should spend a day at his local bicycle shop: while the economy ain't what it used to be, in the bike shops of America the cash register bells are ringing.

Some time ago a researcher at Duke University named Vance Tucker compared the efficiency of a wild variety of moving objects, both living and manmade. When a bicycle was later compared to all the objects Tucker had studied, it proved by far the most efficient: three times more so than a horse, five times more than a car, 10 times more than a sea gull or a dog or a jet plane and nearly 100 times more than a blowfly or a bumblebee. To put it in simple terms that largely explain why bicycles are selling so well today, on the power derived from one bowl of oatmeal costing 7¢ a man can pedal three miles to the supermarket and return with enough oatmeal to feed a family of four for a week. Over the past decade the annual sales of cars and bicycles in the U.S. have averaged almost dead even at about 10 million. While the price of everything from cabbages to condominiums has gone through the roof in the same span, the cost of the bicycle has risen less than 35%, and although no one in the business believes it will ever replace the automobile, the bike has become a money-saving second vehicle.

A good, durable 10-speed bicycle can be had for less than $150 today, but many people are willing to spend a lot more. In mobile man, there is an ineradicable longing to own the very best, whether it is needed or not. Today an incurable car buff may find happiness in an American Corvette; still he hungers for an Italian Ferrari that offers little more and costs three times as much. As it is with car buffs, so it is with the cycling elite, except for one difference: among autoists, it is the manufacturer's name—Rolls, Ferrari, Lancia, Lamborghini—that symbolizes excellence. To cyclists, the "marque" is but one part of the equation. The name on a bike may simply be that of a framebuilder who has nothing to do with the manufacture or even selection of the rest of the pieces. One might cherish a bike whose frame was made in England and is equipped with a French seat, Japanese derailleurs, Italian handlebars, Swiss brakes and Czech tires. A good bicycle is the sum of quality parts made here, there and God knows where else.

In that regard, the most famous, *continued*

Campy's finest includes (right) a crank and chainrings, quick-release wheel hub and bottom-bracket cups and (above) a headset, by which the fork rotates

LA CREMA DELLA CREMA

the most respected and in fact the most revered name in cycledom is Campagnolo. The most succinct way for a cyclist to boast about his machine is to say simply, "It's 100% Campagnolo," by which he means it is equipped with every kind of part the firm puts out. It would be, otherwise, a somewhat curious claim, considering that in its 45 years the International Campagnolo Company of Vicenza, Italy has never made 100% of any bicycle. Campagnolo of Vicenza makes bicycle seat posts but not seats, headsets but not handlebars or stems. The company makes brakes and front and rear derailleurs, pedals, hubs and bottom brackets, chain-wheel sets and fork tips, but not forks, chains, rims, spokes or tires. Nor does it make frame tubing, and the frame is the heart of any bike. Despite this lifelong specialization in bits and pieces, Campagnolo's reputation for quality transcends that of any marque. In America a cyclist is apt to describe an excellent piece of sporting equipment as "Campy." A sporting Frenchman appraising a beautiful woman will say, "Elle est tout Campagnolo," signifying that she is well equipped in every way that counts.

About 75% of the bicycle parts manufactured by Campagnolo are sold abroad—19% of the total production in France, 8% in the U.S., and about 6% in Japan, a nation with 230 bicycle component companies. Of those more than 100, including the well-known Shimano, and Araya, have been in business much longer than Campagnolo and, taken together, produce a heap more parts. The Japanese have a far bigger share of the world market, but none of their brand names is known as far and wide as Campagnolo, which even equips about 50 bikes a year in little Malta and Andorra. Because Campagnolo manufactures only about a quarter of a million derailleur sets annually and sells scarcely more than 100,000 component groups of parts around the world, and because there are reportedly more than 90 million cycles loose in the U.S. today, it figures that a cyclist on the bikeways of America has about as much chance of meeting a rival who is 100% Campy as he has of being run down by a Rolls-Royce driven by the Queen Mother.

In three boom years—1972-74—bicycle sales in the U.S. averaged 14.4 million, a sudden burst in popularity dealers can explain easily today, although at the time it took them by surprise. While the oil embargo of 1973 certainly helped business, the bike boom actually started a year earlier, a consequence of the anti-pollution movement and the fitness kick that swept the land. Then in 1975 the boom became, as suddenly, a bust. Wholesalers moved barely half the number of machines they had shipped in each of the preceding three years.

Commenting recently on this period, Thad Mark, manager of Mack's Cycle shop in South Miami, said, "In the years prior to the boom, bicycles weren't used much by adults. Then all of a sudden the bike was more than a play-type thing. It became part of the national health program. There was a madness about it. Every Tom, Dick and Harry got into the action. In the last gas crisis a lot of people bought bikes with worthy intentions and shortly thereafter parked them in their garages forever."

The man of parts. Tullio Campagnolo was not to this Vicenza manor born, he earned it fair and square by extraordinary mechanical innovation and . . .

This year the bike business is booming again. Sales will surely exceed 10 million, and it is more than a temporary upswing for several reasons. Whatever the availability of gas in the future, the price will not go down. In addition, business is likely to prosper steadily because retailers and makers, mindful of the erratic past, are today enthusiastic but also realistic. For a sample of freewheeling enthusiasm tempered by reality, one has only to listen to 66-year-old Keith Kingbay, the activities manager of the Schwinn Bicycle Company in Chicago. Although Schwinn is not the largest U.S. producer, it is the most prominent, well known for quality machines over a broad price range—from Collegiates costing little more than $100 to the Deluxe Touring Paramount equipped with Campagnolo parts at better than $1,000.

Although Kingbay has cycled all his life, he rarely lets his zeal get totally out of hand. For example, he has only bicycled coast to coast twice, and in only 33 other countries, and because of lesser diversions did not get around to pedaling across the Andes until he was 60. "People who get on a bike and never do anything else," he says, "have got to be out of their minds. Today you can pedal all through the Olympic Peninsula in Washington, but pretty soon you have seen all the spruce trees you could want." Two years ago in Afghanistan, of all places, he got the sort of comeuppance a promoter needs now and again to keep on an even keel. While the 64-year-old Kingbay was praising the durability of his 12-year-old Schwinn to a repairman in the dusty hills north of Kabul, a 12-year-old kid pedaled up on a 65-year-old bicycle.

In his promotional talks extolling cycling, Kingbay sometimes resorts to candor that verges on treason. "After all," he has been heard to say in public, "a bicycle is nothing more than six pieces of gas pipe and two barrel hoops with garden hose wrapped around them." On a 100-mile group tour through the Everglades, when a portly customer inquired about the expensive Campagnolo-equipped Paramount, Kingbay replied, "When it comes to saving weight, you'll do better taking 10 pounds off yourself instead of buying a light bicycle that costs a lot."

The difference between a good bicycle and the very best, Kingbay maintains, is relatively inconsequential for most people. "A lot of it is for the bloody birds. For most people riding a bike, if you put the tires and rims and Campagnolo gear from our Paramount on our cheaper Le Tour, they wouldn't know the difference. A big part about having a better bike is snob appeal."

Although he sometimes thus debunks his own sport, Kingbay is himself a professed snob. "One day while I am cycling out by my daughter's place and stop for a light," he relates, "a sparkling tan Ferrari pulls up alongside, and the driver looks at my bike and says, 'You've got Campagnolo brakes and everything.' I answered, 'When you've got it, man, you flaunt it,' and he shouts back, 'Right on!' as he drives away."

In Italy there is a saying: a North Italian can easily destroy any machine made by man if given half a day, and can vastly improve it if given time. In the way North Italians drive the *continued*

... the dogged maintenance, in his Bologna foundry (above) and Vicenza plant, of high standards for the smallest part bearing the Campagnolo name

quality automobiles they produce for the rest of the world, there is proof of the former; of the latter there is the excellence of the Campagnolo bike parts made in Vicenza—only another fillip of testimony about a region that has spawned artisans of all kinds. Seventy-eight-year-old Tullio Campagnolo, founder of the business, was born a country boy, as his name suggests. He was blessed with a tinkerer's brain and a patrician taste for elegance and excellence. He now lives in a 357-year-old late-Renaissance villa that has five times as many bedrooms as bathrooms, but he has never lost his common sense or let himself be trammeled by tradition. In his big office at the Campagnolo bike plant, where one might expect ornate furnishings, he works at a huge, felt-covered desk that looks like an outsize billiard table with the sides knocked off. On the wall behind the desk are two reproductions of paintings of the old American West by Frederic Remington. (Northern Italy, of course, never produced a painter worth a hoot.)

The famous Bartali working a to-be-famous Campagnolo gearshift in the Tour de France

Tullio Campagnolo's start in the parts business was motivated largely by self-preservation. As a teen-ager in the '20s he was a footballer, motorcyclist and bicycle road racer. On the road he was particularly strong in the mountains, seemingly more able to cope with the ups and downs and the pangs of oxygen deficiency than his peers. In early November of 1927, while he was leading 50 rivals in a 100-mile race through the Dolomites, snow began to fall heavily. Although Campagnolo was wearing only a short-sleeved shirt, he carried on and still held a two-minute lead at the peak altitude of 3,500 feet. Shortly after starting the descent, through 10 inches of snow, he suffered a puncture. While he was trying to get the frozen nuts and lock washers off his wheel to change the tire, several dozen cyclists passed him.

The quick and easy release system for wheels that he invented as a consequence of that cold defeat was the first of 182 patents he has gotten for mechanical innovation, design and metallurgical processes, many of them important not only to bicycles but also to motorcycles, cars, helicopters, rockets and outer-space modules. That first quick-release invention proved almost from the outset to be more influential in bicycling than he had intended. Although derailleur systems enabling cyclists to shift gears without coming to a halt had been commercially successful for years, it was not until the late '30s that the best professional riders were allowed to use them in the epic road race, the Tour de France. Professional riders customarily had a sprocket gear of one diameter on one side of their rear wheel and one of a different dimension on the other. They shifted gears by dismounting and turning the rear wheel around, a Neanderthal procedure greatly speeded up by the Campagnolo quick-release system.

Without the help of any machine fancier than a drill press, Campagnolo first made his quick releases by hand in a back room of his father's combination hardware store and metal shop. He did not officially go into the parts business until 1933, when he started selling his handmade wares to cycling rivals rather than giving them away. Several years later he designed a derailleur that was, if not demonstrably better than those produced in France, certainly well made. There is an oft-duplicated photograph, taken in 1938, of Gino Bartali, the celebrated Italian mountain cyclist, pedaling up a 20% slope against an Alpine background en route to his first victory in the Tour de France. In the picture Bartali seems to be in utter misery, down to his last ounce of grit. He is bent over, as if suffering from a sudden attack of stomach gas, his right arm is extended and angled down and back as if he were patting his bike on the rump to urge it on. Actually, the great mountain man was not in much grief. He was simply reaching back along his seat stay as far as possible, trying to manipulate the goldang lever of one of Tullio Campagnolo's primitive gear-shifting devices. Nowadays, of course, a rider shifting Campagnolo derailleurs simply twitches levers mounted within easy reach of the down tube.

With early believers like the great Bartali, in the '30s and through World War II Campagnolo's little bike business surged ahead at a snail's pace. He did not hire his first fulltime employee until 1940. Aptly described, the Campagnolo Company today is a very prosperous cottage industry of massive proportions, one of those extremely rare concerns that knew how to grow and make a handsome buck without compromising the high quality of its products.

Campagnolo markets bicycle components in three major categories. Its highest-priced line is called "Super Record," the intermediate line, "Nuovo Record" or "Record," the cheapest line, "Gran Sport." According to the last count, in the 50-odd items made by Campagnolo there are 1,128 different parts, and of that great number, all but a very few bolts, springs and ball bearings are fabricated in its own plants under its own quality-control inspectors.

Seventy-five miles southwest of Vicenza in the big artisan city of Bologna there is a Campagnolo plant where 380 work-

ers produce components for a variety of land, air and space machines. While Bologna's contribution is considerable, 70% of Campagnolo's total action still derives from the bike components manufactured by 850 employees in three plants in Vicenza and sold in 80 nations the world around. At one end of one plant, thundering presses stamp the crude shapes of parts out of sheet and bar stock. At the far end of another plant, amid the flatulent splat of pneumatic burnishers and screwdrivers, finished components come out. From the initial thunder to the last squeak, quality is the prime concern. Even the imported ball bearings, purchased in the main from the world's foremost maker, SKF of Sweden, stand inspection at Campagnolo. Any SKF bearing that does not measure within a half micron (plus or minus half a thousandth of a millimeter) is rejected. Lowering his voice and casting his eyes down as if ashamed of his company's performance, Luciano Giacomelli, Campagnolo's export sales director, says, "We have found it difficult to achieve quantity while maintaining quality."

Campagnolo quality comes at a fancy price. A Super Record brake set retails at $130, which is about as much as some folks want to spend for a whole bicycle. A pair of Super Record road pedals costs $125; a pair of Record pedals, $57. The Super Record and Record pedals look the same and are made to the same fine tolerances. So what is the difference? By paying $68 more for Super Records, the cyclist gets titanium pedal axles that are 60 grams (about two ounces) lighter than those on the Record set.

There are those—notably jobbers handling other brands—who say Campagnolo has a bloated reputation. However bloated, it is not one that will be deflated easily. In its catalog, Bikecology, a California mail-order concern that stocks parts of every price range, has this to say: "Over the years our customers have never stopped asking whether Campy really deserves its incredible reputation. Actually, the more experience one gets with bike parts the more one becomes convinced the reputation is correct. There is just so much intelligent design and fine workmanship and material in every part that it's hard to find fault with anything made by Campy." Touting a Japanese seat post that costs half as much as a Campagnolo, the Bikecology catalog says, "Our biggest seller.... Replica of Campy Record." To tempt buyers with a little snob appeal, the catalog makes this pitch about a Japanese headset that costs a third as much as a Campagnolo: "Our No. 1 best seller restyled with name engraved on bearing covers like Campy. ... Can't distinguish from Campy at 2-foot distance." Plugging a medium-priced brake set, the catalog says, "Virtually identical to Campy in appearance, geometry and performance."

Such flattery in a mail-order catalog may seem overblown, but the truth of it is borne out by able cyclists who spend most of their practical lives gasping for air. Eight of the last 10 winners of the Tour de France have been 100% Campy. At the 1976 Olympics, more than 80% of the road and track cyclists from 51 countries were Campy-equipped. At the 1978 World Cycling Championships in Germany, in the 17 events for men and women, for professionals and amateurs and Iron Curtain amateurs, 16 of the winners were 100% Campy. It might have been a clean sweep except that a Japanese named Koichi Nakano, using Campy parts, lost the professional sprint to a colleague named Yoshikaza Sugata, who was using parts made in their own country. The success of Campagnolo is best explained by a remark once made by Casey Stengel: "The only way you get to be first is by winning."

Campagnolo produces more than 20,000 high-price Super Record groups a year, far exceeding what the hard, competitive world of cycling—winners and losers—could ever want. Obviously, a great many of its finest items are being bought by people who do not need the very best, but want it nonetheless. END

Tullio Campagnolo in 1927, losing the race that prompted a winning invention.

The Dionne face may open doors in Canada, but it cannot guarantee a good table in Beverly Hills

A CANUCK IN LOTUSLAND

Los Angeles has it all over the drab Quebec milltown from which he hails, but NHL scoring leader Marcel Dionne n'est pas content ***by ROGER DIONNE***

Eh *bien*, it was no doubt more than his parents, Gilbert and Laurette Dionne, not to mention his grandfather, Laurent Sawyer, his uncles Bertrand, Blondin, Michel and all the rest of his big, encouraging *famille*, could have anticipated in their fondest dreams—or, perhaps, their worst nightmares. Here was *p'tit* Marcel, the boy no taller than a fireplug, for whom they had laughingly passed the hat after he scored three goals one cold afternoon in Drummondville, Quebec so he could buy himself some new hockey sticks—here he was now, slugging down a Coors and reclining like a veritable movie mogul on a lounge chair by his cloverleaf pool overlooking the green, rolling hills of Southern California's Palos Verdes Peninsula.

Imagine, for six years the boy used to lug cases of beer out of his father's *Épicerie Dionne* in Drummondville, then wobble on his bicycle around the neighborhood to deliver them to the Thibodeaux and the Pelletiers and the Plourdes. Now, a mere decade and a half later, he was taking his leisure by his pool in the middle of February. *February!* In normal climes snow would have been up to the eaves of the strange modern stucco house—an unmistakably Southern California chalet—angling up like a listing A from the sauna and the patio where Marcel Dionne was sitting. Instead of snow, everything here in Lotusland was sunshine and greenery, waterslides and orange saplings. It just wasn't hockey country. It was skateboard country and Frisbee country, maybe even baseball, football and basketball country—but it definitely wasn't hockey country at all.

Surrounded now by Los Angeles Kings teammates and other friends, Dionne was not even talking about hockey. Coach Bob Berry's off-day practice had ended a few hours earlier, and though hockey was Dionne's life, to be sure, it wasn't the world here in Los Angeles. There were other things to talk about. He was remembering the musical comedy *Annie*, which he had recently taken his wife Carol to see at the Shubert Theater in Century City, and the dinner they had had at the Maison Gerard in Beverly Hills before the show. Hardly anyone had noticed him, either at the Maison Gerard or at the Shubert, for in this city of stars, Dionne is only a minor luminary.

If pressed, informed Angelenos might tell you that Marcel Dionne heads a rock 'n' roll group called the Belmonts, or maybe that he is related to the Dionne quintuplets. Had he been out on the town in Montreal or Quebec City, on the other hand, Dionne would have been besieged by autograph seekers from the moment he left his car, and they would have known precisely who he is—namely, the leading scorer in the National Hockey League, the fastest, shiftiest, most electric skater in North America.

Then again, Dionne's fancy dinner in Beverly Hills was probably no match for

the wholesome French cooking in Montreal or in Quebec City, places to which the Dionne clan used to drive years ago to watch Marcel in youth tournaments—the Pee Wees in Quebec, then the Bantams at the Centre Paul Sauvé in Montreal. They went to tournaments in Cornwall, Ontario, and even in faraway Toronto when Marcel was picked to play on all-star teams.

Mon dieu, those were the days! The whole gang would rent a row of motel rooms in those cities and make a party of it. Since they didn't go out much in Drummondville, the Dionnes loved the trips, particularly Marcel's mother, Laurette, who had been a figure skater and who had presented her firstborn with his first pair of skates when he was 2½. She wouldn't miss one of Marcel's big games for the world, even when she had two other sons and five daughters to care for back home. But for five years now, Marcel has been playing in Los Angeles, thousands of miles and an entire culture away, where a good part of the populace doesn't know the difference between a hockey puck and a doorstop.

By his pool in Palos Verdes, glancing occasionally at Gypsy, the gentle Doberman pinscher running excitedly among the company, Dionne wasn't speaking the familiar patois of Quebec but perforce the English he started studying at 17, when he jumped from the Drummondville Rangers of the Quebec Major Hockey League to the St. Catharines Black Hawks of the Ontario Hockey Association. Many Drummondville xenophobes have never forgiven him for that move. *Dionne, il a une tête gonflée. Les canadiens-français devraient rester ici chez eux-mêmes.* However, Dionne had no intention of remaining in Drummondville, locked in the French language, to end up like so many of his old amateur teammates, working from 8 to 5 in one of the low-paying textile mills in town. The Ontario amateur league was simply a better league than the Quebec league. The players were more mature. They were tougher. After playing with them a couple of years, Marcel would be better prepared to enter the NHL.

Every step of Dionne's circuitous journey to Los Angeles was beset with obstacles. In an attempt to prevent him from moving to St. Catharines in 1968, a representative of the Drummondville team, a Monsieur Tetreault, walked into the Dionne household one day, marched up to Marcel's 6′ 1″, 233-pound father, who was a lumberjack before opening his grocery store, and shouted up at him, "Gilbert, your son is finished! You want to be like this, we'll take you to court. Your son will be playing in his backyard for the rest of his life."

"You would not believe," says Marcel, "what my dad, my mom, my family, my relatives went through. But they did it. The whole family pulled together. You would not believe how many cheap shots people took at us. I was the big hometown product, see. They could not accept the fact I was leaving. Just like Detroit later on. But the Detroit situation was nothing in comparison, because there it was only me who was involved."

Dionne no doubt wishes the blustering Tetreault could see him now in February 1980. Carol, a French-Canadian girl from St. Catharines who kept Marcel going when he was lonely and homesick in the alien, English-speaking province of Ontario, was bustling about their spacious kitchen, preparing porterhouse steaks and lobster tails for the grill. His 4-year-old daughter, who has the very un-French name of Lisa Lee, was romping around the yard with other children. A Fleetwood Mac album was thumping on the stereo. The grown-ups *continued*

La famille Dionne goes for a promenade by its Palos Verdes home. Carol, Lisa Lee, Gypsy the Doberman and Marcel, la première étoile of the L.A. Kings

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HAYT

At his present two-points per-game pace, Dionne will break Phil Esposito's single-season record of 152 points

MARCEL DIONNE *continued*

were talking and laughing in the trophy- and photograph-filled bar, in the den and on the patio, and the only trace of ice was that which was tinkling in their glasses. What's more, the determined boy who brightened so many dark Drummondville winters, the boy who practiced incessantly within the snowbanks surrounding the backyard rink his father made for him, the boy who first entered organized hockey at the age of eight, the great Canuck hope of scores of uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, parents and grandparents, Marcel Elphège Dionne, was enjoying every minute of it.

"I believe in enjoying, and I always have a good time at a party," he says. "Before, in Detroit, I was like in a shell. I was really hyper because I wanted to do very well and it was very, very hard. It was strictly a matter of going from the rink to my home and getting ready for the next game. Now I'm more relaxed. I have made a lot of friends here in California, and there are always people visiting at my house. We all come down here and have a few drinks, music, you know. Sometimes, I say to my wife, 'Well, jeez, maybe we need a couple days off without the people.' But as soon as everybody's gone, we just kind of say, 'Hey, where's everybody?' "

And why shouldn't Marcel Elphège Dionne be enjoying himself? After four turmoil-filled years with Detroit's fluttering Red Wings, during which he nevertheless scored more points (366) than had his boyhood idols Rocket Richard, Jean Beliveau, Stan Mikita or, for that matter, anyone else in his first four NHL seasons, Dionne, in 1975, signed a five-year contract for a reported $1.5 million to come to the land of glitter, glamour and gloss, of the Lakers, the Rams and the Dodgers—a land of countless stars and distractions—to put hockey on the map.

Now, at 28, looking on the ice like a purple and gold top whose center of gravity is somewhere in the neighborhood of his ankles, the 5′ 7½″, 190-pound Dionne is slicing, angling, passing and shooting his way toward the best of his nine NHL seasons. After scoring his league-high 60th assist last Wednesday night against Hartford and his league-high 43rd goal on Saturday night against the Toronto Maple Leafs, Dionne led archrival Guy Lafleur of Montreal by five points—103 to 98—in the NHL scoring race. Dionne, incidentally, tapped in one of those 43 goals with his nose, which required seven stitches afterward. Recently, Dionne has been a one-man gang, too; Dave Taylor and Charlie Simmer, his wings on the Kings' Triple Crown Line, have been sidelined with knee injuries for several weeks.

L.A. Center Butch Goring recalls that the Kings felt somewhat uneasy when Dionne arrived in town in 1975. The team had to give up two popular players for Dionne—Left Wing Dan Maloney and Defenseman Terry Harper—and, according to the press in Michigan, the guy they were getting in return, albeit brilliant and flashy, might be more trouble than he was worth.

"Most of the players were pretty bitter about losing Maloney and Harper," says Goring, "and it was an unfortunate situation for Marcel because it wasn't his fault. And then when he got here, he was such a great offensive player that everybody wanted to be like him and score goals because that's where all the glory is. I think it hurt us for a while."

In the 1975-76 season, his first in L.A., Dionne set King records of 40 goals and 94 points, maintaining his average of previous years with the Red Wings. In 1976-77 he scored 53 goals and 69 assists for 122 points—all personal highs for him as well as for the Kings—and in the process won the Lady Byng Trophy for sportsmanlike behavior for the second time (he had won it in 1974-75 with the Red Wings). In 1977-78 the aftereffects of a shoulder separation—his only major injury as a pro—limited Dionne to a very respectable 36 goals and 43 assists, but in 1978-79 he returned to form and put together his finest season—59 goals, second in the league to the Islanders' Mike Bossy, and 130 points, second to Bossy's teammate Bryan Trottier.

Typically French-Canadian, Dionne is utterly and unsubtly down-to-earth; he speaks his mind. Yet he hasn't a rancorous bone in his chunky body. "If I know someone doesn't like me," he says, "I'll end up right beside him and talk to him, and I tell you, if I don't get that person to change his attitude, there's something wrong. He just hates people."

continued

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Dionne has tried to be the Kings' unquestioned leader, too. "Marcel's probably the best team player we have," says linemate Taylor. "He's always trying to motivate the players and get them going. Like, in the dressing room he gets himself all charged up, and then he starts talking and he gets everybody else charged up. He's a very vocal guy."

In his early days with Detroit, Dionne had the reputation of being a self-centered, goal-hungry guy, not a complete team player. But what rankled Dionne most when he came to Detroit in 1971 was the lack of team spirit he found among the veterans. "It was my biggest disappointment," he says. "I really thought the pros were so much better and so much smarter. Then I found out a lot of them could care less whether the team was winning or losing as long as they got paid. That I was unprepared for. I could not believe the thing I waited for all my life, playing in the NHL, *I could not believe it was like that.* Here I was in the dressing room, trying to cheer guys up, giving the rah-rah-rah, but I found out real soon I was the guy that was going to become the target of everybody."

To Dionne, hockey has never been a job. Jobs are what you get at the mills in Drummondville. Jobs are lugging beer cases out of your father's grocery store. Hockey is fun. "I'd play this game for nothing, and the day I don't feel that way I'll hang up my skates," says Dionne, whose contract expires in June. He deplores the violence endemic to the game, and he brings to hockey the same electric excitement, the same do-or-die determination and, most of all, the same exultant *joie de jouer* Pete Rose brings to baseball. Indeed, Dionne looks very much like a younger, stubbier version of Rose.

However, Dionne has developed a symbiotic relationship with this team. When it plays well, he plays well, and then the Kings continue to play well. When they play poorly, he gets moody, which affects his play, and the team continues to play poorly.

"When the team isn't doing well, Marcel tends to get down. That might be his only bad point," Goring says.

Dionne more or less agrees. "It's hard to explain," he says, "but in a team sport, when everybody does it, you want to work harder and perform well. If a team plays bad, I'm still going to have my goals and my points. But if a team plays well, I'm going to do a lot more because six guys are out there doing it. And it's more fun than just scoring goals. You know you're not working for nothing. You know there will be results at the end of the game and at the end of the week."

But not necessarily at the turnstiles. Though Dionne leads the NHL in scoring and the Kings are 11th in the overall standings of the NHL's 21 teams, the team is fortunate to draw 10,000 fans to a game at the 16,005-seat Forum. Attendance declined steadily after Dionne arrived and last season dipped below 400,000 for the first time since 1971-72. Dionne clearly has not yet managed to put hockey on the map of Southern California, and he is concerned about that.

Though a Canadian at heart, and one who still speaks English with a rolling French accent, Dionne considers Los Angeles his home. He loves the climate, the entertainment, the relaxed life-style, just about everything—and he has no intention of moving elsewhere when his current contract expires or, for that matter, when he hangs up his skates. However, he'd like Los Angeles' hockey star to be *noticed* at the Shubert Theater and the Maison Gerard, as Steve Garvey and Pat Haden and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar are. Not for his sake but for hockey's. He knows his sport is about as indigenous to Southern California as surfing is to Quebec, yet in a town whose stock-in-trade is packaging and promotion, he's convinced the game can become much more popular. He has talked to knowledgeable businessmen and even movie producers about the problem. He also has talked with NHL officials about rule changes to make the game more exciting—particularly a sudden-death overtime period to resolve ties, a change Dionne very much favors, as well as measures to protect clever and superior players such as Dionne from the sticks and fists of the NHL's goons.

"But they don't want to listen to the players," Dionne says in frustration.

What's to be done about the situation in Los Angeles?

"We're an exciting team," Dionne says, "but we have to go out, especially with the kids, and promote the game, try to sell it really, try new things. I see what the Dodgers do. Hey, they draw three million a year, but still they're always pushing and pulling. I think that was lacking here in the past. Now the new owner, Jerry Buss, he's been just great, he wants to do well, and I believe there's the potential here to sell out our hockey games every night. I know it. But they have to get out and *do* it, promote it."

Among the many photographs crowding the plaques and trophies in the bar in Dionne's home is one of him and former Detroit General Manager-Coach Alex Delvecchio. The two are smiling from ear to ear and shaking hands enthusiastically, as though they had jointly just won not only the Stanley Cup but the Super Bowl and the World Series to boot. As Dionne popped open another can of Coors before dinner, the cheer-filled photograph caught his eye. He took it down to show the gathering.

"Delvecchio's just a great guy—but two faces," Dionne said, giggling. "He changes sometimes."

In fact, the photograph was taken at the NHL's Montreal meetings in June of 1975, at a time when Dionne, a free agent, was considering offers from other teams. When Dionne signed with L.A., Delvecchio's smile disappeared. He bitterly denounced his former star in the press, calling him a selfish individual who played only for himself. On the other hand, Bob Berry, his present coach, says, "As many goals as Marcel scores, he is *the* most unselfish hockey player I've ever seen with the puck around the net."

Gazing at that old Montreal photograph, Dionne was still smiling from ear to ear. He held no grudges. He's simply too affable a man for that, and as he explained, "It's almost impossible to be in a bad mood here. If I'm in a bad mood, I just walk outside, look around and smell the country air." Or he might play a little racquetball with Charlie Simmer. Or he might go bicycling along the beach trail, with Carol pedaling alongside and Lisa Lee strapped into a special seat behind him. Or he might play a round of golf with a few teammates while his wife and daughter go horseback riding at the Empty Saddle Club, just around the corner from their home.

Dionne walked toward the patio and inhaled deeply. Yes, it was a good life, this California life. It was a long, long way from the *Épicerie Dionne* and the snowbound backyard rink in Drummondville, Quebec. And now there was a sizzling sound out on the patio and a marvelous new scent in the air. The steaks and lobster tails would soon be ready to eat. **END**

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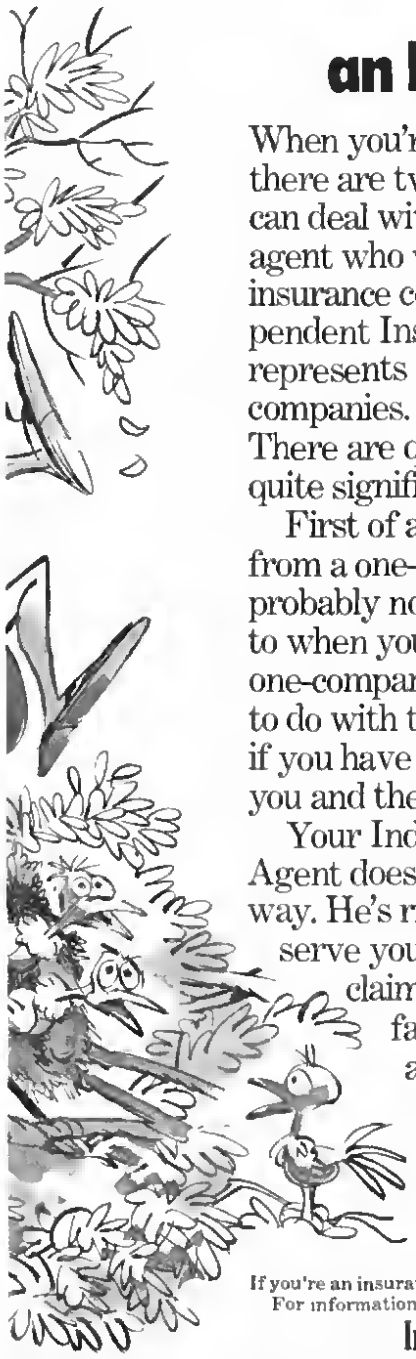

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THE WILDCATS COME IN LOUD AND CLEAR

LEDFORD BROADCASTS KENTUCKY BASKETBALL TO 40 STATES

Bobby Knight, the noted basketball coach and media critic, made his debut as a broadcaster last March at the NCAA finals in Salt Lake City. He was the color man on the radio network that carried the saga of Magic Johnson and Larry Bird to the listeners of 240 stations in 50 states. After it was over, Knight did something he rarely does—he heaped praise on a member of the media. Asked about his partner, play-by-play announcer Cawood Ledford, the Indiana coach said, "He was superb to work with. . . I think he's one of the greatest basketball announcers in the country."

Knight wasn't telling University of Kentucky fans anything new. For 27 years Ledford has done the radio play-by-play of Wildcat basketball and football games with such crisp authority that he has become a Kentucky institution, a sort of Colonel Sanders of the airwaves. He is the link between Adolph Rupp and Joe B. Hall, between Kentucky's storied past and its stirring present. Even when Kentucky is on TV, true-blue fans from Paducah to Ashland turn down the sound and tune in Ledford.

His appeal is not just parochial. The University of Kentucky Sports Network, with 125 stations in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, West Virginia and Florida, is one of the largest in the nation and the only one that has two 50,000-watt stations—WHAS in Louisville and WCKY in Cincinnati. That means Ledford can be heard as far away as Canada, Long Island and the Bahamas, one survey taken by WHAS revealed that Kentucky's games could be heard in 40 states.

In 20 years as sports director of WHAS, Ledford, 53, also became known for his ability to handle the toughest of all announcing jobs—calling horse races. He did every Kentucky Derby from 1961 to 1974 for WHAS, and subsequently his call was carried by the CBS Radio Network for five years. He is so closely identified with Kentucky basketball that there is even a print of Ledford in a UK sports setting available at stores all over the state—for $25. But he has resisted the temptation to be a cheerleader. His goal, he says, is to give the listener accurate information and honest opinion.

"Most of the bad mail I get—and I don't get very much—is from UK fans who criticize me for criticizing the team," Ledford says. "I suppose that goes back to Coach Rupp. He was so successful and confident that he never asked me to be a booster. So if the team stinks up the place, I'll say so. The players kid me about it. Once, in a game at Alabama, Jimmy Dan Conner took a shot from deep in the corner, and I said, 'There's no way that can go in.' It swished. The next day Conner took me out to the same spot on the floor and hit five in a row. I've never said anything like that again."

Ledford brings hard work to his craft, not gimmicks or tomfoolery. Before every game he spends hours doing his homework, getting a firm grasp on names, uniform numbers and statistics. On and off the air he is business-like and self-effacing. About the closest he comes to being colorful is when the Wildcats are starting a fast break. "The Cats are smokin'," he will say. Nevertheless, he invests each game with a sense of drama that may, at times, seem out of proportion to the event. "I don't think anybody has the statewide interest that Kentucky does," Ledford says in his defense, "and the Kentucky fans take it very seriously. I don't think they'd go for a comedian. Oh, I don't look at it like it's a world war or anything. I just try to give them what's going on. If the team's going well, that's entertainment enough."

Ledford knows his audience as thoroughly as he knows his sports. His three-piece suits and perfect diction belie the fact that he was born in the mountain coal town of Cawood, Ky. (Named for his mother's family, it is pronounced Caywood.) He began his career at Harlan, Ky. in 1951, then moved to station WLEX in Lexington in time to do the play-by-play for Rupp's unbeaten 1953-54 team. He went to WHAS, the state's most powerful station, in 1956.

Ledford quit WHAS last year to become an independent operator in partnership with public-relations executive Jim Host of Lexington. A former play-by-play man, Host owns the broadcast rights to Kentucky football and basketball and, since July 1975, exclusive radio rights to all NCAA Division I tournament games.

Working with Host has enabled Ledford to broaden his horizons and capitalize on his enormous popularity in Kentucky. Now, besides the Wildcat broadcasts, Ledford does TV specials and short radio and TV commentaries. He has also tackled a new medium, the written word. He writes a newspaper column for 24 Kentucky weeklies and wrote a book on Rupp with ex-Kentucky Assistant Coach Harry Lancaster.

This May, for the first time in almost 20 years, Ledford won't get to call the Derby, because ABC now has the radio rights, but he will be the play-by-play man for the record 350-station radio network that Host has put together with NBC for the NCAA basketball finals—unless Kentucky happens to be one of the final four. The NCAA prohibits any participant's play-by-play man from doing the finals. If neither Kentucky nor Indiana makes it, Ledford says, he would love to team up with Knight again.

"He's very analytical, and he did a super job," Ledford says. "Bobby came prepared, with notes, interviews with the coaches, everything. All most jocks bring with them is their lunch. I think he's got a future in this business if he wants one." END

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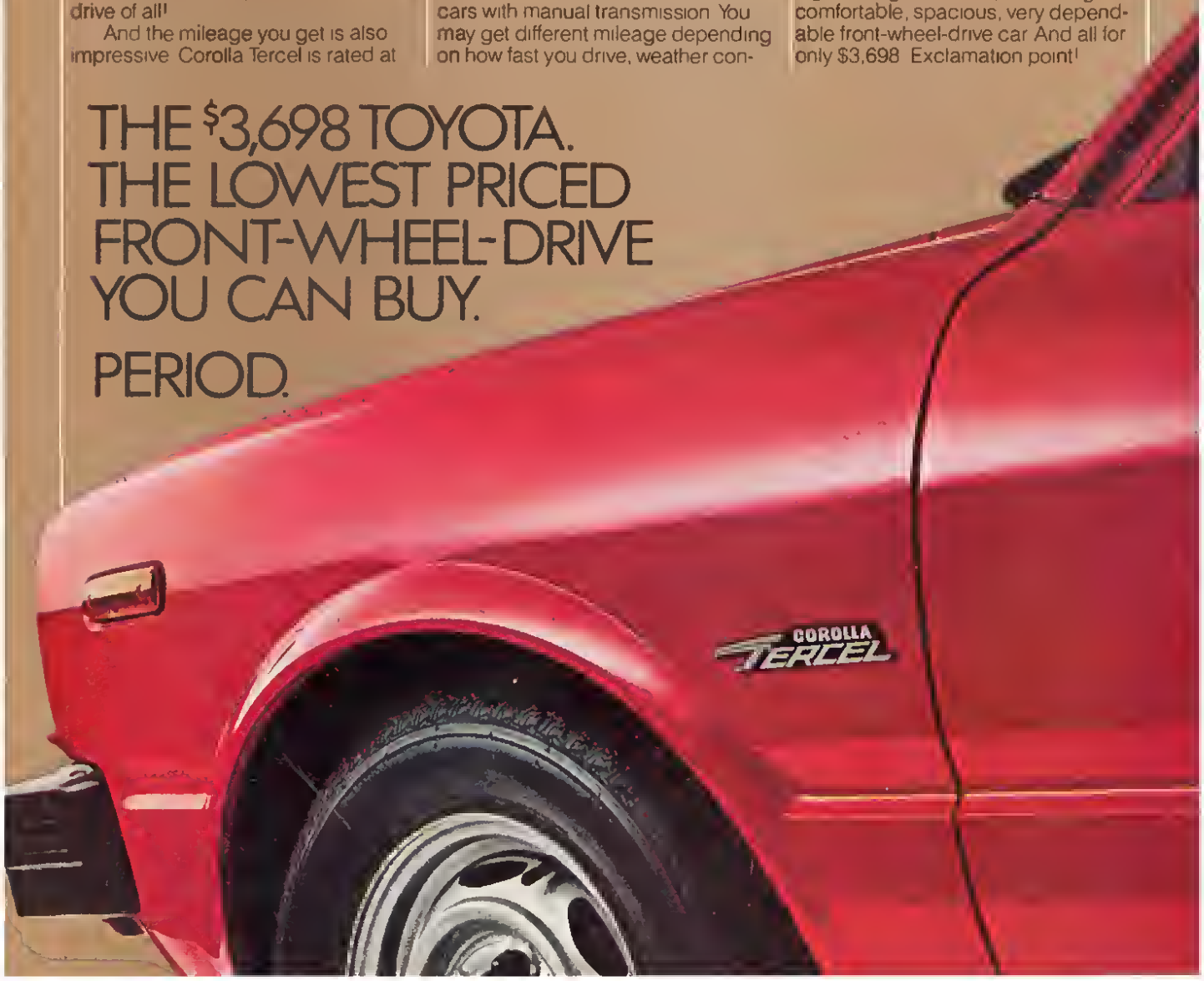


Pope, pols, Black Magic

The good citizens of Des Moines have rarely experienced such excitement. First Pope John Paul II accepted the invitation of a farmer from the nearby village of Truro and paid a visit to the city, drawing worldwide attention. Then Iowa's Democratic and Republican caucuses brought a horde of presidential hopefuls to town with all their attendant press and TV hoopla. And now there's Lewis (Black Magic) Lloyd, a 6′ 6″ junior forward, who is breaking all of Drake University's scoring and rebounding records and propelling the school into national prominence again.

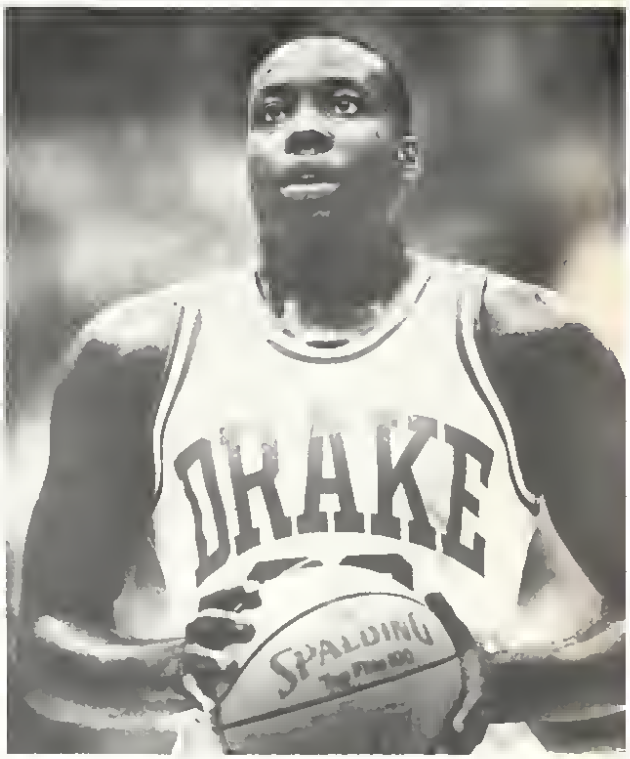
Not since the Bulldogs of Willie McCarter, Dolph Pulliam and Willie Wise reached the final four of the 1969 NCAA tournament (they nearly upset mighty UCLA in the semifinals) has there been as much sporting exhilaration around Des Moines. "Lloyd's really resparked interest in Drake basketball in the city," says Jerry Crawford, an attorney and campaign organizer (for President Carter) who triples as color commentator on Drake's radio broadcasts. "Des Moines has adopted Lewis and I think he has adopted the city."

Drake's leading scorer, Wayne Kreklow, and leading rebounder, Chad Nelson, having graduated after last season, Lloyd opened his bag of tricks and filled both roles for the Bulldogs. He ranks second in the nation to Tony Murphy of Southern in scoring (30.8) and second to Alcorn State's Larry Smith in rebounding (15.0). He could become the first player ever to win both titles in the same season.

In 1978-79 Lloyd played for New Mexico Military Institute, leading the nation's junior-college players with a 31.2 scoring average and making first team JC All-America. Thereafter a host of schools, including Nevada-Las Vegas, Kansas and Wake Forest, tried to recruit him before he signed on at Drake. How long his Drake career will last is another matter. There are recurring whispers that Lloyd will apply for hardship status and make himself eligible for the NBA draft this summer.

In any case, Des Moines is reveling in him while he's around. One college coach has likened Lloyd to Oscar Robertson for his ability to dominate a game, seemingly without effort. Another compares him to Adrian Dantley for his great body control. A third says his feathery shooting touch reminds him of former Chicago Bull Bob Love. Lloyd's inside strength conjures images of George McGinnis, and while, at 220 pounds, he appears to be overweight when stuffed into a uniform, his fluidity in the open court is reminiscent of Walter Davis.

"I don't think Lewis is just another forward," says Drake Coach Bob Ortegel, not a man to overstate matters, who adds another name to the look-alike list: Marques Johnson's. Lloyd's performance against big-time opposition has certainly proved Ortegel correct. In a 79–77 double overtime upset of Georgetown, then ranked 18th, Lloyd scored 29 points, including 12 of his team's last 18 in regulation time, grabbed 13 rebounds and had seven assists. Hoya Coach John Thompson was impressed with the ease with which Lloyd went about destroying his zone defense. "You expect a high scorer to go after his points," said Thompson, "but he was so restrained as he worked for inside position, he could lull you into thinking he wasn't that good."



Lewis Lloyd, No. 2 in rebounds and scoring, is Des Moines' latest rage

Former Tulsa Coach Jim King says, "Lloyd has a sense of where the ball is and where everybody else is all the time, and he has a tremendous intensity that allows him to play whole 40-minute games without too many lapses. You don't see that much in college or even in the pros."

Last week, in Drake's 85–80 victory over NCAA-finalist Indiana State in Des Moines, Lloyd scored 30 points, brought down 14 rebounds and had six assists. Three days later Lloyd had 29 points and 17 rebounds, but Drake lost to Southern Illinois 72–67. At week's end the Bulldogs had a 13–7 record overall, with a 4–6 record in the Missouri Valley Conference.

Lewis spent three years at Philadelphia's Overbrook High, Wilt's school, twice leading it to the Public League championship game against Gene Banks' West Philadelphia team, but he was rarely in a class with anyone—classroom, that is. When Lewis did go to school,

continued

which was usually from September until the conclusion of the basketball season, his grades were passing. But when the basketball season ended, so did his interest in Overbrook. "I was the star and I liked to have fun," he says. "I knew I had to go to school while the season was on but after the season was over I didn't like to deal with it."

Instead, Lloyd and his friends would spend their days at a playground at the corner of 55th and Poplar, a place they called the "Spectrum." "We used to play basketball in the hot sun until we almost fell out," he says. Lloyd also began to hang out at a delicatessen across the street from the "Spectrum." Soon his taste for Vernors Ginger Ale turned into a taste for Olde English 800 Malt Liquor. "It made you nice and woozy," he says. "There wasn't much else to do." By the time his class graduated in the spring of 1977, Lloyd had the equivalent of a 10th grade education. "If I could do anything in life over again," he says, "I'd want to go through my high school years."

Lloyd's hopes for a college education, and a pro career, would have been dashed permanently had not Bob Black, a Philadelphia policeman who was also a coach in the Sonny Hill summer league, called New Mexico Military Coach Dave Campbell on his behalf. "I've got a guy who can take you to the national championship, a guy who will dominate," Brown told Campbell. The idea of leaving the "Spectrum," moving to the Southwest and attending, of all things, a military school made Lloyd cringe. "It was one of the craziest ideas anyone could think of, sending me away that far," he says. But eventually he was convinced. After earning his high school equivalency diploma at Eastern New Mexico's Roswell campus, he entered the 89-year-old academy, which is known for its strict adherence to a traditional curriculum. Founded in 1891 as the Goss Military Institute, the school today has an enrollment of 950 and boasts such distinguished graduates as Roger Staubach and hotel magnate Conrad Hilton.

In the beginning the regimented life—reveille at six, innumerable inspections—was difficult for Lloyd. He had never been so far away from home, and the social life for a young black was hardly satisfactory. Campbell recalls that Lloyd had to march for hours as punishment for breaking school rules; at one point Lloyd accumulated 250 demerits for speaking to older cadets without permission.

"Taking orders is something a city kid is not used to," says Campbell. "After Lewis started playing for the team in the second semester of his freshman year, people liked and understood him. What saved him from having to march even more hours was the fact that the governor of the state [then Jerry Apodaca] comes to the school every two or three years and pardons everyone's demerits. That saved Lewis' butt. People in Philadelphia wouldn't have believed Lewis Lloyd after he left here. He became a man."

Although Lloyd received dozens of offers from major schools during his sophomore year, Drake didn't begin recruiting him until late in the season. Drake Assistant Coach Joe Proctor went to Texas to scout a game between Amarillo College and New Mexico Military. After watching Lloyd pour in 44 points and grab 19 rebounds, he immediately called Ortegel in Des Moines. "I didn't see just any player," he said, "I saw a franchise."

Drake put on a heavy recruiting rush, but Lewis was not easily won, mainly because he was as unfamiliar with Drake and Des Moines as he had been with Roswell, New Mexico. "When I talked to Coach O and he told me he was from Drake, I'd never even heard of Drake, to tell you the truth," Lloyd says. "I was thinking, 'Drake? What's that? Iowa? Where's that?' "

What sold Lewis on Drake was that Ortegel offered him nothing more than hard work, a summer job and a chance to play ball. "He didn't promise me a starting spot, but it was a good situation for me to come to," Lewis says. "I knew I would have started because I've never sat on anyone's bench."

The deciding factor in Lloyd's decision to go to Drake, however, was the relationship he developed with junior guards Rodney (Pop) Wright and Jeff Hill. When Lloyd visited the Drake campus last spring, Wright and Hill escorted him for the weekend. "By the end of his visit it seemed as if we'd known each other all our lives," says Hill. "I believe he came here because he thought he communicated with the players better than anywhere else."

When Lloyd returned for the start of the academic year, his nickname and his reputation were to be tested again. Lloyd ran up impressive numbers in his first two games. Then came his first big game, with Oral Roberts. In the locker room before the Bulldogs were to take the floor, Hill tossed Lloyd a challenge. "I told Lew that Earvin Johnson was the Magic Man and if he were the real Magic Man he'd have to prove it to me."

Whereupon Lloyd scored 37 points, including the winning free throws with five seconds left, pulled down 17 rebounds as Drake won 82–81, and was carried off the floor of Des Moines' Veterans Memorial Auditorium by teammates chanting, "Magic Man! Magic Man!" It was proof positive, for sure.

THE WEEK

(Feb 4-10)

by HERM WEISKOPF

WEST On Friday evening, UCLA Coach Larry Brown joined a throng of Bruin fans who were "camping" outside Pauley Pavilion to await the next night's game against Southern Cal. Brown bedded down on an air mattress and was treated to bagels and cream cheese by members of the swimming team and to donuts and hot chocolate by some women basketball players. At 2:30 a.m., though, Brown heeded the students' advice and went home for some shut-eye. "I just wanted to show the students that any success we have had has been largely due to their enthusiasm," Brown said. "It was a special experience." So was his team's 91–64 drubbing of the Trojans. Brown has been remolding his squad by adhering to the principles of former UCLA Coach John Wooden, junking his complicated attack for Wooden's simplified high-post offense.

Arizona State Coach Ned Wulk was also tinkering. He rotated his big men at Oregon, where his Sun Devils, down 37–34 at halftime, came out on top 88–65. All four big guns were productive: 6′ 8″ Sam (the Slam) Williams had four dunks, 18 points and seven rebounds; 6′ 6″ Johnny Nash had 15 points and seven rebounds; 7′ Alton Lister added 14 points and grabbed eight missed shots; and 6′ 10″ Kurt Nimphius had 10 points.

Weber State's top four front-liners teamed up for 137 points as the Wildcats whipped Montana 74–60 and Montana State 94–83. David Johnson led the way with 49 points.

Brigham Young was waltzing at Utah, leading by 17 with five minutes left in the first half. From there on, though, the contest became more of a tangled tango. The Utes spurted in front 58–55. Then the Cougars took charge 76–66. Utah rallied again behind Danny Vranes, who had 25 points and 14 re-

continued

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bounds, but came up short and lost 83–82.

"I have never, ever seen anything like that," Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian said after a 98–86 conquest of San Diego State. What made Tarkanian marvel was the far-out shooting of State's Eddie Morris, a 6′ 5″ freshman guard-forward who got 41 points. Morris, who hit on 20 of 25 field-goal tries, sank 11 shots from beyond 17 feet.

1.OREGON STATE(22–2)
2.ARIZONA STATE(17–5) 3.BYU(18–4)

EAST Like the price of back-fin crab meat, Maryland has been soaring. Not even .630 shooting by North Carolina in the first half could deter the Terps, who were .636 from the floor, overcame a 19–11 deficit and led 44–38 at the intermission. The Tar Heels pared Maryland's lead to one point, but Albert King scored six in the last 85 seconds, got two vital rebounds and broke up Carolina's final inbounds pass. King finished with 20 points, 11 rebounds and five assists as the Terps won 70–69.

Maryland's image was tarnished a bit by a 90–81 loss at Clemson, but even so the Terps held a two-game Atlantic Coast edge over the Tigers. Clemson's delay game—the "Tiger Pause"—helped defeat Maryland. So did 24 points by Larry Nance and 22 by both Billy Williams and Horace Wyatt.

Virginia decked Duke for the second time, 73–69. Mike Gminski of the Blue Devils had slightly better stats than Ralph Sampson of the Cavaliers, outscoring him 24–20 and outrebounding him 13–10. Sampson, however, tossed in eight of his points as the Cavaliers scored 10 in a row and built a 68–58 lead.

"Our only regret was that they were making a zoo out of the game," Siena Forward Rod Owens lamented after playing at Syracuse. It was no fun losing to the Orangemen 99–64. What hurt most, though, was that Syracuse, which had drubbed the Indians 144–92 last season, had facetiously declared a Beat Siena Week. Later, during a 105–80 wipeout of St. Bonaventure, Eddie Moss set an Orange record with 14 assists.

A succession of multiple-point plays early in the second half propelled St. John's past Fordham 78–60. Bernard Rencher, Ron Plair and Frank Gilroy of the Redmen all hit on three-point plays during that surge.

Louisville was bogged down for a while by Providence's tight zone. But with Derek Smith netting 11 of his 20 points during a two-minute outburst and with Wiley Brown scoring 24 for the night, the Cardinals won 79–73.

1.SYRACUSE(21–1)
2.ST. JOHN'S(21–2) 3.MARYLAND(17–4)

MIDEAST "As you progress in the conference schedule, defense becomes the dominant factor because it's constant," said Purdue Coach Lee Rose. "The offense is like the stock market—it can rise and fall." For the Boilermakers, though, neither defense nor offense was constant. Purdue held off Minnesota 58–56 as 7′ 1″ Joe Barry Carroll gathered 21 points and 10 rebounds. Carroll was then smothered by 6′ 10″ Steve Krafcisin and 6′ 10″ Steve Waite of Iowa, missing 12 of 13 floor shots and scoring only seven points in a 74–59 loss to the Hawkeyes. Krafcisin had 18 points in that contest and 20 as Iowa overcame Michigan State's stall 44–39 in overtime.

Herb Williams' 48 points and 21 rebounds carried Ohio State past Michigan 66–63 and Michigan State 71–59, putting the Buckeyes in a tie with Purdue for the Big Ten lead, one game ahead of Minnesota, Iowa and Indiana. Bobby Knight, 39, became the youngest coach to achieve 300 major-college wins when his Hoosiers beat Northwestern 83–69. But Indiana then lost to Illinois 89–68.

Alabama also flubbed, blowing leads at home against Southeastern co-leaders Kentucky and Louisiana State. The Tide led the Wildcats 37–31 but lost 72–63 when Kentucky shot a school-record .880 in the second half. The night before LSU met Alabama, the Tigers' hotel rooms were burglarized. Jewelry, $500 and Coach Dale Brown's pajamas were stolen. "I slept in my overcoat and socks, I got so cold," Brown said. Warming him considerably was his Tigers' rally from a 63–58 deficit with 3:30 left. Willie Sims' two foul shots with four seconds to go in overtime made LSU a 68–66 winner. Playing at home, Kentucky defeated Mississippi 86–72 behind Kyle Macy's 28 points and LSU downed Georgia 96–77 as DeWayne Scales scored 31.

DePaul, down by 16 points in the first half against Dayton and by one when Mark Aguirre fouled out with 14:04 left, barely pulled through. It took a basket by Clyde Bradshaw with four seconds remaining for the unbeaten Blue Demons to win 65–63.

Hawkeye Whitney excelled as North Carolina State shocked Notre Dame 63–55; he had 23 points, 11 rebounds, five assists, three steals and a blocked shot.

1.DePAUL(20–0)
2.LSU(18–4) 3.OHIO STATE(16–5)

MIDWEST "A lot of people say, 'They are playing better because you are calmer,' but really I am calmer because they are playing better," Bradley Coach Dick Versace declared. His Braves, who were tied for last in the Missouri Valley a year ago, now lead by two games. By scoring 36 points in the final 9½ minutes, Bradley creamed second-place Creighton 98–82.

Louisville's Darrell Griffith set a school record; he became the first Cardinal to amass 2,000 points. With Griffith scoring 31 points and with its full-court zone press wearing down Memphis State, Louisville breezed 88–60. The Cardinals further solidified their Metro lead by knocking off Cincinnati 88–73.

Texas A&M dropped its first Southwest Conference game, losing 63–53 at Texas Tech when the Red Raiders broke open a 41-all tie with 10 straight points. That left the Aggies deadlocked for first place with Arkansas, which started off by thrashing Texas Christian 74–47. A&M then regained its one-game lead by winning twice at home while the Razorbacks split two road contests. The Aggie "Wall"—6′ 11″ Rudy Woods, 6′ 7″ Vernon Smith and 6′ 6″ Rynn Wright—accounted for 47 points during a 67–56 defeat of Southern Methodist. Smith then got 22 points as Texas A&M nipped Rice 55–53. Arkansas began its road trip by shooting .600 at Baylor, winning 70–51. But two hotshot underclassmen led Houston to a 90–84 triple-overtime setback of the Hogs. Larry Rogers, a 22-year-old sophomore who had served a hitch in the Army, wrapped up his 28-point, nine-rebound performance for the Cougars with four free throws in the final period. Houston's catalyst, freshman Guard Robert Williams, had 20 points and a dozen assists.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MITCHELL ANDERSON: The 6′ 7″ forward became the first Bradley sophomore ever to amass 1,000 career points, scoring 55, grabbing 17 rebounds and blocking five shots in wins over Creighton and Southern Illinois.

"Whatever happened to 10-point victories?" asked Kansas State Coach Jack Hartman after having been involved in four games in a row that were settled by two points or fewer. Hartman promptly got an answer when his Wildcats beat Oklahoma State by exactly 10, 82–72. Ed Nealy got 18 boards and Rolando Blackman outshot Ed Odom of the Cowboys, the Big Eight scoring leader, 28–26. Three days earlier, the Wildcats skimmed past Colorado 62–61 when Jari Wills fired the game-winning shot with seven seconds left in overtime. Missouri and Nebraska, both one game behind Kansas State, were victors twice. Steve Stipanovich, the Tigers' 6′ 11″ freshman, had only nine points in an 84–70 victory at Iowa State but scored 29 as Kansas was beaten 88–65. Missouri, which has a fine chance of surpassing the NCAA field-goal-shooting mark of .555 set last season by UCLA, shot .608 against the Jayhawks to bring its percentage up to .576. Andre Smith had 46 points as Nebraska stopped Kansas 61–56 and Iowa State 69–66.

As usual, JoJo Hunter of Colorado was at his best in the stretch. Hunter, who earlier in the season won two games with beat-the-clock shots, scored nine of his 28 points in the last 1:13 to topple Oklahoma 60–59.

1.LOUISVILLE(21–2)
2.TEXAS A&M(19–6) 3.KANSAS STATE(18–4)

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A major among the minors

They may not be ready for the NHL yet, but Philadelphia's farmhands are boffo at the box office in Maine and have provided the astute Flyers with key reinforcements

The real question, hockey fans, is not how many teeth Maine Mariner Goaltender Rick St. Croix has, or why each period of hockey in Portland's Civic Center begins with a tinny rendition of that golden oldie, *Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag*. No, the Maine mystery here is whether or not these Mariners, with their Philadelphia Flyer-style uniforms, are really just a *minor* league hockey team.

For sure, the Mariners skate in the American Hockey League, which is not the National Hockey League, that being the only "major" group extant. But there is nothing minor about the way the Mariners win—a pair of Calder Cup championships, the AHL's equivalent of the Stanley Cup, the last two seasons. And their nearly new, 6,570-seat arena says big-time, as do the stereo and pinball machines in the home team's locker room, not to mention last Sunday's charter flight from Portland to Binghamton, N.Y. Life in the minors is supposed to be endless bus rides to nowhere, with players who are has-beens or never-will-bes, and sea-level fan support.

Fact is, the Mariners, as Philadelphia's owned-and-operated farm team, are the flip side of the Flyers, a scaled-down but authentic replica of the boys on Broad St. "Everything the Flyers do, we do. It's like shaking hands," says Mariner Defenseman Blake Wesley, Pbiladelphia's second-round draft pick last summer. Flyer management is Mariner management, and in keeping with the parent organization's class act, the Mariners are run precisely like the Flyers.

The system works on the ice as well as in theory: eight of last year's Calder Cup team members are now playing at the Spectrum, including NHL All-Stars Norm Barnes and Pete Peeters. Until 1977 the Flyers, like most of the NHL teams, had working agreements with independent minor league franchises or shared a club with a fellow NHL member. Ah, but the Canadiens, always four strides abead of the pack, had their very own farm team, the Nova Scotia Voyageurs, and developed young talent in their own image.

"When the Flyers looked at Montreal's consistent success over tbe years, they realized tbat baving a farm club just for themselves was the only move to make," says Mariner President Ed Anderson.

As the state's first professional team, the Mariners give residents reason to be proud of something other than lobster and Bar Harbor Airlines. "When the team first came up here, players went out of their way to talk to people," says Wayne Fordham, who teaches science at Greely Junior High School in Cumberland, Maine. "Flyer brass marketed the product well: the team invited local people, like students and Boy Scouts, to see games for free. Don't forget, they were dealing with people who had little if any hockey background. And if they were fans of any team, it was the Bruins."

Mainers and Mariners mix easily. "People feel close to us," says Coach Bob McCammon, enjoying his customary waffles and bacon one morn- *continued*

Maine's nine goals against Binghamton and Deve Gardner's crash into the goal were hot topics for discussion at F Parker Reidy's

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ing at the Pancake Kitchen. "The Mariners aren't just hockey players, they're neighbors." Other customers stop at his table, scarcely letting him finish a mouthful: "Great game, Coach." "Hey, Bob, you know me, I come to your games."

McCammon spent much of the 1978-79 season in Philadelphia as the successor to Fred Shero as coach of the Flyers. "It was a bad situation for me," he says. "I'd had a few years' experience in the International Hockey League, plus a season here in Maine. I didn't know the NHL or the players. It was nobody's fault, but following a winner like Fred is never easy."

Late in January the Flyers fired McCammon and sent him back to Maine, replacing him in Philly with Mariner Coach Pat Quinn. "The Flyers could have just dumped me, but they let me have this job back," McCammon says. And the people of Maine were pleased to get him back. Instead of regarding McCammon as the man who failed in Philadelphia, Down Easters greeted him with a "Welcome Home Bob" day, complete with red carpet and standing ovation.

Beset by injuries now, the Mariners are in third place in the AHL's North Division and are struggling on the ice, although they put it together last Saturday night and routed Binghamton 9–1 before 5,822 in Portland.

Probably the word that best describes Mariner fans is "loyal." Some live over on Chebeague Island, which is about 10 miles offshore, and come to games via ferryboat. If fights prolong a game, the islanders have a long, cold hustle down to the docks to get the last boat home.

Or take Jackie Smith and Tish Hays. Both women work in Pan Am's New York City office. They started driving to Mariner games two years ago just for fun, and now, says Hays, "It's habit. We have season tickets and we're here every weekend. Sometimes we make road trips, too."

Don't these people know this is a minor league team? "No one thinks of this as minor," says Mariner Defenseman Terry Murray, who has done time all over the minors. "Players in other cities think there's no place like Maine because their own teams have no fans, or the organization doesn't treat them kindly. Being anywhere else in the minors would be minor. Being here is knowing you'll get your chance. You can't really call this minor league hockey."

Just call it a minor phenomenon. **END**

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by Bill Colson

Act Two for Bionic Boy

Vincent Van Patten, a sometime movie star, has become a hit on the pro tour

Every Friday and Saturday at midnight the New Yorker theater on Manhattan's Upper West Side shows a punk-rock film that has roughly the same artistic merit as the cinematic fare on 42nd Street. Only instead of sighs and moans, the audience at the New Yorker is treated to the sounds of the Ramones, the string and percussion quartet that has recorded *Teenage Lobotomy* and *Blitzkrieg Bop*. Also featured in this puerile cult movie is a 22-year-old heartthrob named Vincent Van Patten, whose credits also include the starring role in *The Bionic Boy*, a movie-mag "romance" with Farrah Fawcett and a ranking among the top 50 tennis players in the world.

The movie is called *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, and for anyone not into punk, it has only one conceivable point of interest: Can Van Patten act as well as he hits a tennis ball? The answer is no, which is not to say that he isn't a promising young actor. It's just that as a tennis player he is a good deal more than fine. In fact, since last spring, when he decided to shelve his Hollywood career to play tennis full time, Van Patten has shot up the charts faster than *On the Radio*.

He began the pro tour as the 374th-ranked player on the Association of Tennis Professionals' all-knowing, career-making-or-breaking computer. That was just about good enough to get him into qualifying tournaments for qualifying tournaments. But after only six weeks on the U.S. satellite circuit, tennis' version of Double-A ball, Van Patten started advancing straight into major events, like the $200,000 ATP Championships in Cincinnati, in which he upset Bob Lutz (then 38th in the rankings) and Tom Okker (44th) before losing in three sets to Harold Solomon (ninth). A month later he pulled off three more shockers, the biggest coming against Pat DuPre, the world's 19th-rated player, en route to the quarterfinals of the $175,000 Jack Kramer Open in Los Angeles. Van Patten closed out 1979 by reaching the semis of the $50,000 Paris Indoors, where he lost another three-setter to Solomon.

Performances such as these catapulted Van Patten to 44th on the computer. No player—not even John McEnroe, who jumped 243 spots in 1977—has leaped so far in a year. Hence, Van Patten was the obvious choice for the ATP Rookie of the Year award, not a bad beginning for someone who spent the better part of his formative years on sets rather than playing them.

As youngsters, Connors, McEnroe and the rest of today's tennis stars each hit millions of balls, received thousands of hours of instruction and competed in hundreds of tournaments. Not all of them were national age-group champions, but few players have made it to anywhere near the top without having played with some success on the national level either as a kid or in college.

Van Patten never had a lesson or held a national junior ranking. Nor was he offered a single college scholarship. His highest ranking came in 1976, when he was 10th in Southern California in the 18-and-under division. That was the only year he qualified for the nationals, but at the last minute he chose to play the Bionic Boy instead of the tournament.

Van Patten has been acting since he was nine. "In the early '70s, he was the hottest kid actor in Hollywood," says his father, Dick, star of the ABC series *Eight Is Enough*. "Much hotter than I was." Since then Vincent has appeared in scores of commercials, eight motion pic-

continued

After practice on his home court, Van Patten visits with his next-door neighbor—his father

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tures and more than 40 television shows He also has co-starred in two CBS series, *Apple's Way* and *Three for the Road*, which ran for a total of three years.

"Between jobs Vincent would go to a public park by himself after school and look for games," his father adds. "He would play with anybody. When he was working, he was always hitting against the wall behind the stage between scenes."

The only tournaments Vincent had time for were local age-group and celebrity events. His only serious challenger for Tinseltown's No. 1 ranking was Dino Martin, and Van Patten easily disposed of him several years ago in an exhibition at the Los Angeles Civic Center. He also has outhustled Bobby Riggs several times. In their last meeting Van Patten spotted the nation's premier male chauvinist the alleys and still won.

Wins over a 61-year-old former champion and a putative player like Martin, however, don't qualify a player for the pro tour. But so what? With classic all-American-boy features—platinum blond hair, 30-inch waist, cherub face and Pepsodent smile—Van Patten's future in Hollywood was secure. At 18, he was making $100,000 a year, owned his own home—next door to his parents—complete with swimming pool and tennis court and the tabloids were insisting that he and Farrah Fawcett were an item. Everyone who might reasonably be expected to know the true life story of Farrah and Vincent denies the rumors, especially Van Patten's parents. Had they had their way—and this is on the level—Vincent would have gotten together with Debbie Boone or Marie Osmond.

Then, in the fall of 1978, Van Patten's celebrity status landed him a wild-card spot in Hawaii's $100,000 Island Holidays Classic. He lost a three-setter to first-seeded Raul Ramirez, at that time the No. 7 player in the world. "That was the most exciting match of my life," says Van Patten. "Until then I had no idea I could do well against a top player."

It was another six months, though, before he joined the circuit. From January through March of 1979 he was committed to make a movie with Cloris Leachman and Eddie Albert entitled *Yesterday*. Scheduled for release this year, the picture is a love story set in Montreal during the '60s. Van Patten portrays a U.S. hockey player at McGill University who is torn between staying in Canada and going to Vietnam. He ends up enlisting without knowing that his fiancée is pregnant and returns after both his legs are blown off by artillery fire. *Rock 'n' Roll High School* this is not, and Van Patten gives a sensitive and credible performance in his biggest and most demanding role to date

"Vince has all the ingredients," says *Yesterday* co-producer John Dunning "With a couple of more major parts he should be able to stack up against anybody. His only limitation now is his youthful appearance. He's like Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn were in their early movies—so good-looking that they were almost feminine."

It was during the final stages of shooting *Yesterday* that Van Patten decided to try tennis full time. Notwithstanding his insistence that "it was an easy decision that I know was right," the dilemma he faced was considerably more complex than the typical finish-school-or-turn-pro predicament encountered by many other promising players. The college will always be there should they choose to return. Van Patten's career may not be, at least not as he left it.

"He had great momentum going," says his father. "Now he'll probably have to start all over." Also apprehensive is Dan Petrie, one of Van Patten's agents in Hollywood: "I've known that Vincent was a tremendous talent since he was 12 or 13, when he played a heroin addict going through cold turkey on *Medical Center*. That's a tough part for anyone, much less a kid.

"But as good as he is, he's not a Newman or Redford, who can disappear for five years and still be in demand. This is an important period in Vincent's career. Someone like Redford is at an age at which he'll be cast the same way for 10 years because he won't change that much. But people who remember Vincent at 21 won't know him as a 30-year-old."

Maybe not, but one thing is certain: if Hollywood has room for Joe Namath and Jim Brown, it will have a place for Van Patten. And if he makes a name for himself as a tennis player, he'll be even more in demand than he was as a too-good-looking young actor with a six-figure income. And his bank balance hasn't suffered with his career switch. Counting endorsements and exhibitions, he will clear at least $100,000 this year. And if he doesn't think that's enough to get by on, he can always sneak in a movie or two, though he insists that "the part would have to be fantastic, take no more than a month and not conflict with any major tournaments."

Van Patten's game combines Southern California aggressiveness and European baseline skill. His primary weapon is a lethal two-handed backhand that he can rifle to either corner from anywhere on the court. The rest of his shots—with the exception of his volley, which he tends to swing at rather than punch—are sound and deceptively effective. The heavy topspin he generates off both wings makes it difficult for opponents to settle into a rhythm. They also have a hard time putting the ball away against him.

"Vincent has the one quality that all great athletes must have—quickness," says Marty Riessen, who has recently become Van Patten's first coach Riessen also is impressed by his pupil's Bjorn Borg-like temperament. "He never lets anything bother him on the court," Riessen says, "and he's not lacking in confidence or afraid to go for shots."

Van Patten attributes his court composure to his thespian background. "The most important thing about acting is concentration," he says. "You've got to be totally involved with the part and the scene. I've been working on that since I was nine. It's the same with tennis. You can't think of anything but playing the ball properly."

Davis Cup captain Tony Trabert sees another plus in Van Patten's acting experience. "In addition to being very gifted and having a natural flair for the game, he is used to performing in front of large crowds in pressure situations," says Trabert. "That's a tough problem for a lot of players, particularly those from small towns, and many never overcome it."

There's a flip side to having grown up facing cameras rather than top age-group competition. Junior tennis tests not only a youngster's ability but his nerve and will as well. It's both a winnowing process and a rehearsal for the real thing. Having missed the dry run means that Van Patten is still very raw.

His instincts are superb, his shotmaking dazzling, but he has not had ingrained into him that most unfortunate axiom of the sport: tennis is a game of errors, not winners. Van Patten still must conquer a tendency to try a low-percentage drop volley or next-to-impossible backhand

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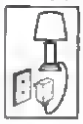

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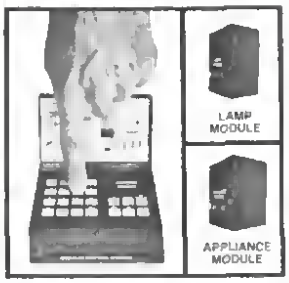

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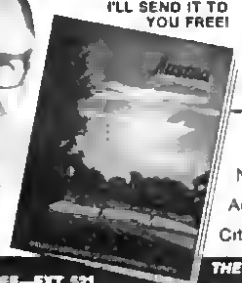

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angle when a more routine shot will suffice; he must learn when to hit out and when to stroke the ball smoothly, when to come in and when to stay back, when not to run around a forehand.

Most important, he must find out how to play the big points well. Not long ago, for example, he dropped a 7–5, 7–5 decision to England's Buster Mottram, a solid but unspectacular player who was ranked 31st in 1979. After rallying from a 1–5 deficit in the opening set, Van Patten lost his serve at 5–5. In the second set he stayed close only to lose his serve again at 5–5. He hit 44 outright winners during the match but committed 33 unforced errors. On a good day Borg won't make 10 such mistakes.

Van Patten is giving himself two years to make it big in tennis. He hasn't made up his mind where he'll have to rank by then, but he doesn't think cracking the top five is beyond his reach. Talent alone has brought him to No. 44, and when it has been tempered by experience and coaching, he could jump another 15 or 20 notches. Whether he can take that final step depends on how singlemindedly—and how ruthlessly—he pursues his new career. He has all the physical equipment, but one senses that he may be too nice, too fair and too content to come out on top in a tangle with a McEnroe or a Connors, players who have been bred to loathe defeat and to do anything to prevent it.

At the moment, losing a tennis match is little more than a temporary disappointment for Van Patten. Perhaps he knows in the back of his mind that he can always return to Hollywood, where the setbacks have been few. He can recall only two: when he lost out to Dino Martin for the lead in *Players*—a movie about a pro who gets to the finals of Wimbledon—after he had been repeatedly assured the part was his; and when he was offered the part of Richie in the pilot for *Happy Days*, but his parents wouldn't let him take it because the script included a scene in which Richie fumbles with his date's bra strap at a drive-in.

"It all worked out for the best," Van Patten says. "It was meant to be. Had I gotten either of those parts, I wouldn't be on the circuit now."

If he can acquire a healthy dose of intensity and drive to complement his optimism and exuberance, Van Patten may yet get to act out the *Players* scenario—only this time in real life. **END**

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by Bruce Newman

A chemical reaction

The K.C. Kings have put together a dynamite mixture that's made them the Midwest Division's most explosive force

It was another one of those quiet, contemplative afternoons for the Kansas City Kings, the NBA's answer to the question: "Whatever happened to vaudeville?" Shortly after arriving at San Francisco's International Airport last Thursday, Otis Birdsong and Phil Ford, two members of the Kings' eccentric *corps de garde*, tried to engage two vending machines, an elderly woman and teammate Bill Robinzine in a tag-team wrestling match. While that was going on, another guard, Billy McKinney, approached a heavily armed security guard standing near the airport metal detector and mentioned to him that Robinzine "just got out of jail," implying that surveillance might be in order until Robinzine was safely off the premises. After the team had finally boarded its bus and roared off toward its Oakland hotel, Ford intoned, in his normal, outlandish fashion, "Let's go immolate somebody."

Which, in effect, is just what the Kings have done while burning up the Midwest Division this season. After getting off to a 5–11 start and falling 7½ games behind Milwaukee, Kansas City suddenly began winning at a .774 clip. For what it's worth, the Kings didn't begin to roll until the evening of Nov. 13 when Philadelphia's Darryl Dawkins shattered a backboard at the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium. The Kings snapped a six-game losing streak that night and went on to win 24 of their next 31 games, eventually building a comfortable five-game lead over the Bucks. According to Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons, the Kings' success during the past three months is simply a case of better living through chemistry. Not chemicals, chemistry.

"Individual talent?" says Fitzsimmons "I think you would have to say there is not a lot here We've only got three guys who can get their own shot without any help. But there are a lot of teams that have losing records that could be just as good as we are if they had our chemistry. Nobody's going to beat us badly. We've got too much character. We play everybody tough." Just how tough is borne out by the rather astonishing fact that the Kings have not been beaten by more than 13 points all season. Seattle and Boston, with the best records in all of pro hoopdom, have lost games by margins as wide as 21 and 28 points, respectively.

Fitzsimmons is guilty of some flagrant poor-mouthing, because while the Kings certainly aren't the NBA's most talent-laden club, they're not exactly hurting in that area, either. Both Birdsong and Forward Scott Wedman were selected to play in this year's All-Star game. Birdsong is one of the game's best pure shooters and is 10th in the league in scoring, with a 22.6 average. Wedman gets 20.1 points a game and is the team's best defensive player and leader. Fitzsimmons is a big Wedman fan but then in the same breath he says that Wedman can't dribble, can't pass and can hardly ever get off a shot without the benefit of Center Sam Lacey's jarring picks.

"Scotty is a self-made player who doesn't have a lot of natural talent," Fitzsimmons says. Although the Kings selected Wedman in the first round of the 1974 draft, Fitzsimmons says that, too, is a misleading indicator of his natural ability. "He wasn't a legitimate first-round draft choice," Fitzsimmons says. "I'm sure the people who drafted him would tell you now that they could see how good he was going to be, but that's a lot of bull. They took Scott No. 1 because he was a Big Eight player [Colorado] from the area and because they thought they'd be able to sign him."

If it sounds as if Wedman is being damned with faint praise, it is only because the NBA is unaccustomed to having such a hard worker in its midst and has yet to figure out how to categorize him. But he does have his admirers. Portland Forward Jim Brewer says, "Wedman will work you to death at both ends of the floor. He moves so well without the ball that when he finally gets it you're already too worn out from just trying to stay with him to do anything about it." Boston For-

continued

An elbow to the eye sidelined Wedman, but the Kings are hanging tough

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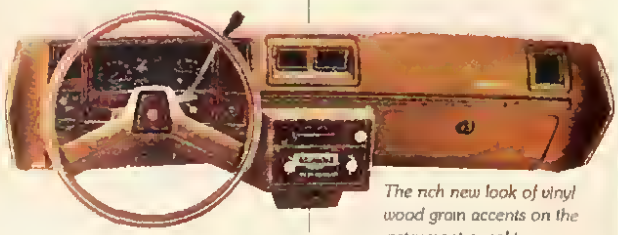

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ward M. L. Carr recently became so frustrated by Wedman's tenacity on defense and his tireless running of the baseline offensively that Carr finally turned on Wedman and coldcocked him, for which Carr was fined $1,500. Three weeks ago Wedman hit his first eight shots against Utah Forward Jerome Whitehead. Then Whitehead—in what was described as an accident—put an elbow in Wedman's face, shattering several bones in bis cheek and around his left eye. The injury forced Wedman to miss the All-Star Game—his second—and it will be another week before he can return to the lineup. When he does come back, he will have to wear a hockey goalie's mask until the broken bones bave fully mended.

Without Wedman this season, the Kings are 5–7. "Until Scott gets back, we're like the fighter holding on in the late rounds," says Fitzsimmons. "Without him, we're having to rely on too many people doing too many things for us to win." One of the people Fitzsimmons has gone to during this difficult time is Forward Gus Gerard, who has bounced among five ABA and NBA teams in his six pro seasons. Forced into a starting role by Wedman's absence, Gerard scored an NBA career-high 25 points last week in a 97–95 road loss to Phoenix.

Another of the key elements in the Kings' chemistry set is substitute guard McKinney, who was taken in the sixth round of the 1977 college draft by Phoenix. He was then cut by the Suns before the season began and sat out a year. Last season be came to Kansas City's free-agent camp and beat out one of the Kings' first-round draft picks, Mike Evans, to become Ford's backup. Against Portland last week, McKinney came in during the second period and hit six straight long shots over Dave Twardzik. Three nights later, with Ford having a bad game at Golden State, McKinney contributed 10 points and eight assists to a 107–100 victory that ended a three-game Kings losing streak.

All of Kansas City's precious chemistry would turn into a fizzling bomb were it not for the fabulous and crazy Ford and Birdsong, nicknamed the Coneheads by their teammates. "You really can't ever get down for long with this team," says Lacey, who used to have a reputation for moodiness. "I might be feeling bad, but then I see the two Coneheads and that's the end of it. They keep things going 24 hours a day. They're the reason we call this team Animal House."

Birdsong may be a bit whacko, but he's turned Portland's Ron Brewer into a Conahaad on this play

Birdsong actually was quite shy as a rookie, but last season, his second, he fell under the spell of Ford, the ebullient former Tar Heel who leads the league in Ray Cbarles impressions, and nothing has been the same in Kansas City since. "Our practices are crazy, even though we work extremely bard," says Birdsong. "Phil and I feel like having fun every day. Even if we lost the night before, eventually we'll laugh."

Last year the Kings signed Ron Behagen to two 10-day contracts while Wedman was recuperating from injuries he had suffered when his sports car struck a tree and a telephone pole and he was thrown through the fiberglass top. "I put him with Ford and Birdsong on our full-court layup drill," says Fitzsimmons. "The rule is that each group has to hit three layups in a row or all three guys have to run wind sprints. The first time down the floor, Behagen hit his layup, Ford made his, and Otis threw tbe ball over the backboard. After they bad taken their laps, Behagen hit his layup, Otis made his, and Phil lobbed one over the backboard.

"Behagen was out of shape, and he was tired of running, so he took the first sbot the next time tbey ran the drill. Then he got his own rebound and shot again. Coming down the floor for the third time Behagen bad the ball again and was dribbling in for what would have been the final hoop when Otis and Phil jumped on top of him so he couldn't shoot. As he was taking off to run his laps Behagen looked over at me with this puzzled look on his face and said, 'Where'd you get those Coneheads?' That's how they got their name."

Fitzsimmons had coached in Phoenix, Atlanta and Buffalo before he came to Kansas City last season and won a division title."Cotton is a motivator," says Birdsong. "He makes you really want to win for him," says Lacey. "I think Cotton has made as much difference as any player on this team, even though he's never scored a single point for us. He gets upset when we lose, just like we do, but after it's over, it's spilled milk. I've known coaches who wouldn't speak to you for two weeks after a hard loss. But Cotton has never blasted anybody in the papers or stayed mad at anybody for making a bad play."

"We can't play badly and still win," Fitzsimmons says. "We haven't got the luxury of talent that some teams have." So if the Kings are to laugh all the way to the NBA playoffs and beyond, they will have to go on being the best blue-collar team in basketball. "We're just a bunch of guys who feel we have something to prove," says Birdsong. "Here we are in first place again, and people still don't think we're for real." **END**

OUT FROM THE SHADOW OF THE EL

In his 37 seasons at DePaul, Coach Ray Meyer has commuted from the top to the bottom. Now, at 66, he is back on the right track with a basketball team that could transport him to his first national title

by Curry Kirkpatrick

CONTINUED

DE PAUL UNIVERSITY

Coach Ray Meyer has been a coach for so long now that what was once a mere occupation has become his first name. Coach Ray Meyer was a coach when he was playing high school basketball. Coach Ray Meyer was a coach when he met his wife, who happened to be a member of his team. Coach Ray Meyer was even a coach when he was a coach: there was a time when he would walk out of his DePaul University practice in the afternoon, step into a chauffeured limousine and ride off to help coach the Chicago American Gears that night in the old glory days of the AAU. "Now that was coaching," Coach Ray Meyer says.

Coach Ray Meyer's oldest son is a coach. His middle son is a coach. His son-in-law used to be a coach. His youngest son is thinking about it. None of the children calls Coach Ray Meyer "Father" or "Dad" or "Pop." It's always "Coach." Bobby Knight and Digger Phelps call him that. Coach Ray Meyer's wife, Marge, calls him that. "Coach isn't old," Marge says. "Coach is just, well, Coach."

Coach Ray Meyer is older than John Wooden was when he retired in 1975. He is older than Joe Lapchick was when he won his fourth and final National Invitation Tournament in 1965. He is older than Adolph Rupp was when he got to the national finals for the last time in 1966. He is almost as old as Ronald Reagan. Coach Ray Meyer was 66 years old on Dec. 18. The next day he won his 602nd game at DePaul. And now he is No. 1. It has taken Coach Ray Meyer only 37½ years at the same school to get there. "What Coach is," says Clyde Bradshaw, one of the current Blue Demons, "is history."

Meyer shows that he's not too old to teach Bradshaw some new tricks.

Though this is the age of the born-agains, few people have been resilient enough to fade from public view and lie dormant, only to come roaring back and live again. Richard Nixon. Bobby Riggs. B. B. King. Ann Miller tapping her fabulous gams away on Broadway. We are not talking years here. We are talking a decade, a generation. Or more. And now, Coach Ray Meyer.

Long before the arrival of his current meal ticket, Mark Aguirre, before Kentucky and North Carolina and UCLA, before national rankings and Top 20s and No. 1s and all that, Coach Ray Meyer and DePaul were bigtime. Maybe the biggest of the big times.

It is perhaps wise to remember this in light of present circumstances. "Joe, you've never heard such cheering," Marilyn Monroe said upon her return from the cheering troops she had entertained in Korea. "Yes, I have," said Joe DiMaggio.

In 1943 Coach Ray Meyer had a freshman named George Mikan at DePaul; Big George, the first of basketball's big men. The Blue Demons finished in a tie for third in the NCAA. The final four? No. This was before there was such a thing as a final four. In 1945 DePaul ravaged the National Invitation Tournament at Madison Square Garden in New York. Just tore it apart. The Demons played three games before an aggregate house of more than 50,000 and won the three by an aggregate margin of 85 points; in the semifinals against Rhode Island Mikan himself scored a record 53, matching the opposing team's total. Five days later in a Red Cross benefit game against NCAA champion Oklahoma A&M—a team DePaul had defeated during the regular season—Mikan fouled out midway in the first half, after which the Aggies rolled to a 52–44 upset victory.

The next season—Mikan's last with the Blue Demons—DePaul had an even better team, and Mikan was scheduled to be on the cover of LIFE. Coach Ray Meyer says the boys from LIFE took "holy man, a million pictures." Then President Roosevelt died. No cover. Later DePaul was not invited to the NCAA or the NIT, for reasons never explained to Meyer. When it rains, it pours.

Mikan went on to become the Babe Ruth of pro basketball as a member of the Minneapolis Lakers—he was voted player of the half century in 1950—while his coach spent the next 30 years establishing himself as a local institution in Chicago. Then last March, Coach Ray Meyer went national once more. The bad-knees limp. The hang-over belly. The beanbags under the eyes. The gap-toothed benevolence.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

(His children joke about his "sewer teeth.") That wonderfully ancient German mug with the folds of skin pouring over one another like the sands of time themselves. Here came Coach Ray Meyer again, sway-backing it across the hardwoods of the NCAA tournament like some legendary monarch, equal parts ward-heeling pol and trusty Saint Bernard. Why, this leathery old hog butcher from the Windy City was college basketball itself long before Billy Packer and Al McGuire and the other guy ever heard of the peacock. Luckily, television realized this. TV made Coach Ray Meyer—father of six, grandfather of 15, frumpy warlord of the Near North Side—a bigtime star all over again. And, as everyone who has noticed the raw and exciting young DePaul team that will come blasting into the NCAA playoffs again next month surely realizes by now, the old man ain't finished being a star yet.

Coach Ray Meyer says he doesn't believe all the attention he's getting now. He says he doesn't especially like it either. "Where have all of you been the last 30 years?" he says to reporters. "I'm the same guy I was then." Well, he is and he isn't. Meyer is winning a lot more, of course. And on the surface he is acting calm and kind and grandfatherly, just as he did last season when America rediscovered him.

"I've mellowed," he says. "I'm more understanding. There are other things in life besides basketball. The game isn't a war anymore."

Hogwash. On Jan. 15, the day DePaul was selected No. 1 by the wire service polls for the first time in history, the newspapermen and women descended on Alumni Hall, the little rathole on Belden Avenue where the Blue Demons play their home games. TV and radio and the magazines were there. Even the *Today* show sent a crew. While Meyer was cooperative and diligently humble in the interviews—"All this for No. 1? I'm shocked. I voted for Syracuse"—the commotion interrupted practice and seriously hindered preparation for an upcoming game.

The next evening, after the Blue Demons had generally lazed about the court in a haughty stupor and had squeaked by Lamar on a last-second basket, having not heard Meyer's shouts for a time-out or heeded his orders for a semi-slowdown, Meyer erupted. In the training room, he screamed. He grew red in the face. He put his tongue between his teeth and bit down, hard. (This is a sure sign somebody is in trouble.) And he characterized his players as "idiots" who didn't deserve to win, didn't deserve to be No. 1 and had proven this very night precisely why nobody should think of them as such. Meyer also pounded on a lectern and then knocked the thing over, scattering water glasses every which way.

Aguirre retaliated. "I got too much on my mind. Too much pressure. I'm leaving school," he said.

"You're not leaving *this* school," Meyer said.

A few minutes later Meyer was raging in front of the media. He called his team "damned nitwits" and pointed out to the assembled reporters their own contributions to the shoddy performance, namely, "sticking pencils and microphones in everybody's faces to the point we couldn't think."

Following his press conference—and fully an hour and a half after the game—Meyer was still at the blackboard. He was diagraming the plays his team had refused to run. Some cronies were sitting around. A tiny piece of chalk broke off in Meyer's hand. "Jeez, holy man," he roared at a team manager. "Someday can you get me decent size *chalk* just once before I die."

The friendly grandfather had turned into a fearsome godfather, all over a two-point win. Was this in character? An aberration? Or, say, what?

The next day Meyer's son, Joey, the assistant coach, was mad. He said the pressure was getting to Coach Ray Meyer and he castigated his father for taking it out on the team in public. Marge, the matriarch, simply made a face. She had downed her good-luck V.O. and water on the rocks, both of them, at the pregame repast, but she'd had a strange feeling. "I warned Coach he was ripe to blow one," Marge said. "Wasn't he obnoxious? He kept it up later, too. You

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When Meyer recruited son Joey as an aide, Joey recruited blue-chippers

Gatherings at the Seminary, a Meyer haunt, have been jolly this season

could hear him all through the restaurant that we went to after the game. He sounded like a fool."

Given the situation, nobody on the team was surprised. "When Coach is mad, he's like a monster," said Bradsbaw. "We all want to stay away and hide. As far as being a teacher, Coach is real hell."

And thus he has been. No man wins so many games, makes so many friends (and a few enemies), stays for so many years in one place, survives—and, now, thrives—who is not, as Coach Ray Meyer himself might say, "one tough somofabee." (And that's just the way he pronounces his harshest epithet, an "m" replacing the "n" just as "bee" fills in for the rest of it. Cosmetic avoidance of a sin? Fear of the devil? Pick one.)

Through the years there has been little change. Coach Ray Meyer remains a family man. He will not go anywhere without Marge, be it road trip, convention or shopping for clothes. He stayed through bad times at DePaul a decade ago, in part to tutor 30-year-old Joey, whom he desperately wants to succeed him. Meyer remains a moralist. He agreed to pose for a certain publication's preseason issue only when guaranteed that the journal's familiar feminine shock troops would not reveal their cottontails in his presence.

Meyer remains a deeply religious man. He says his daily rosary, oftentimes in public places while fingering the beads hidden away in his pocket. He holds a team Mass before each game, home and away, though the players, the majority of whom aren't Catholic, rarely show up anymore. Meyer remains a decent and understanding man, although weighted down by the excess baggage of attitudes formed in simpler times. Contrary to contemporary convention, he calls his nearly all-black team "boys."

Above all, Coach Ray Meyer is still tough and demanding. In the '50s he made his team go out and scrimmage after a defeat. In the '60s he punished his cocky star guard, Emmette Bryant, by giving him only a minute's playing time in each of three straight games "to kick that somofabee's average down." Meyer also bloodied his own face when a chair he had hurled in the locker room boomeranged off the floor and split open his forehead. In the '70s he yanked a player named Randy Hook by the back of the neck—put the hook on Hook—upon sending him into a game, and once he was delighted to find a player's artwork depicting the coach with a glass of milk and a whip.

Coach Ray Meyer says he can't dictate to the boys anymore, he has to coddle them. He says he can't give orders anymore, just explanations. More hogwash. In various games during DePaul's so-far immaculate 20–0 season, these are things Meyer has bellowed:

- To senior James Mitchem: "Quit the whirling dervish. You look like you were born on a top."
- To freshman Teddy Grubbs: "Stonehands! How did you learn to shoot a ball when you can't even catch one?"
- To freshman Skip Dillard: "Keep shooting. Maybe you'll break your arm."
- To All-America Aguirre: "Sick? No wonder. The way those guys went around you, you probably caught pneumonia in the draft."

Aguirre says Meyer's outbursts are so strong, they "vibrate me out of the chair." Dillard says, "*Boys*, an insult? Boys is one of the *nicer* things Coach calls us."

Raymond Joseph Meyer spent his own boyhood in the days of heaven on Chicago's West Side, the youngest of nine children. His father, a wholesale confectioner, died when Meyer was in grade school. His mother passed away when he was a junior at Notre Dame. "Neither of them saw me play a game," he says.

Early in his youth, Meyer was imbued with a sense of the church as a shield against the sufferings caused by the Depression. Mrs. Meyer attended devotions every Friday night at Our Lady of Sorrows parish, and following his father's death, Meyer seriously considered the priesthood. But his love of athletics overcame that and all else. He was a 5′ 9″ guard for St. Patrick's Academy when that school won the old National Catholic basketball tournament in

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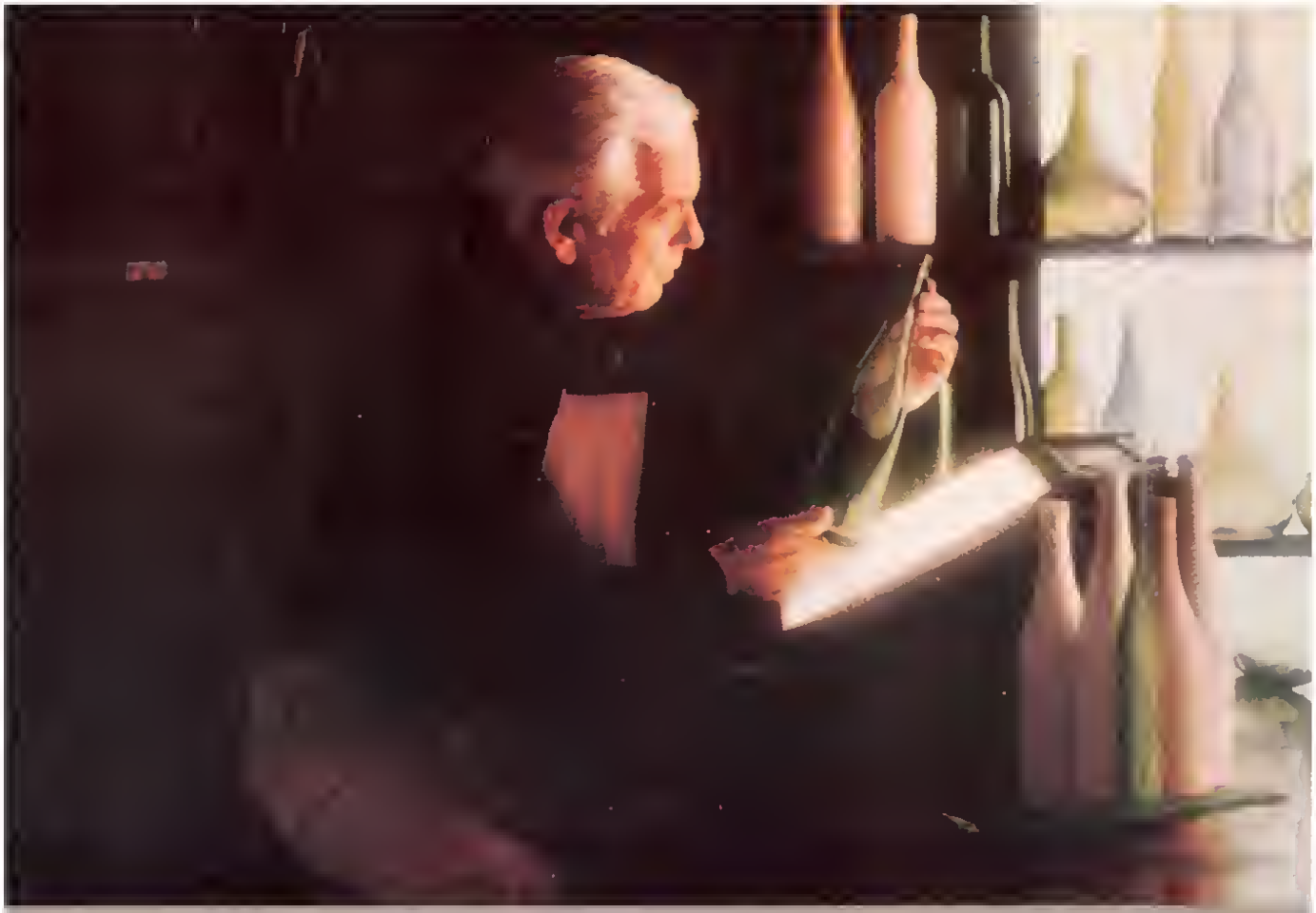
Ray may coach DePaul, but Marge, his wife of 40 years, coaches Ray



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1932. In baseball he played for an American Legion team against a pitcher named Phil Cavaretta and once met Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis in the dugout at Wrigley Field. Landis asked young Meyer why he was playing without socks, and the kid told him "that's the Notre Dame style."

Meyer didn't know what else to say so he just blurted out Notre Dame. To be sure, the Golden Dome was in all his dreams. Football was Meyer's best sport, and he used to sneak through the underground pipes to get inside Soldier Field for the Irish vs. the Army. Oh, to play for Knute Rockne and help old Notre Dame win over all!

Instead, Meyer enrolled at Northwestern, where he stayed only a week before returning home; there simply wasn't enough food on the table. He got a job as a messenger at the Board of Trade. He played basketball for the Hughes Council of the Knights of Columbus. He coached a team in the CYO league. (Enter Margaret Mary Delaney, a forward for St. Agatha's. Violins. Roses. Layups.) Then a break: an older brother got a good job at International Harvester, and Ray was off to college at South Bend.

Aguirre's the best of the Chicago players who are now staying home

By that time Meyer had banged up his knee and Rockne was dead. So the husky freshman concentrated on basketball and worked at a series of odd jobs. Still, poverty hung over Ray Meyer like a cloud. He owned one dress shirt for Sunday Mass and one flannel shirt for the rest of the week. He seldom took off his shoes in front of people because of the holes in his socks. He went his entire freshman year without being able to buy a schoolbook. Neither a borrower nor a lender be? It was a good thing there were lenders at Notre Dame.

Meyer jokes that "there has never been a day I stopped talking." However, about these days he speaks sparingly, quietly, not without urging.

Though the following should not be divulged to Digger Phelps, who is under the impression he invented the game at South Bend, in 1936 Notre Dame won the mythical national championship with Paul Nowak and Johnny Moir making All-America and Ray Meyer a sometime starter at forward. George Ireland, the future coach of Loyola's 1963 national champions, was the captain of that team—an honor that included the exclusive franchise to sell peanuts in the Notre Dame fieldhouse. Ireland employed Meyer to do "peanut sacking."

"Ray Meyer was my best sacker," Ireland says, "because he filled the bags with the least peanuts." After Meyer became captain of the Irish in both his junior and senior seasons—a distinction not duplicated until Bob Arnzen did it almost 30 years later—he says he called a lot of time-outs, the easier to push those peanuts.

The Irish went 40–6 in Meyer's last two years. Though he got the Byron Kenneally award "for proficiency in scholastics and athletics," Meyer maintains he was only a "mediocre" college player. "He was a wild man," says Marge, "the only fat one on the team." On the other hand, he was perfect as a player-coach. On one occasion, when Notre Dame Coach George Keogan became so disgusted during a game against Wisconsin that he left the bench for the second half, Keogan put Meyer in charge. The Irish went on to win, and the undergraduate Coach Ray Meyer had his first taste of victory.

Once out of college, Meyer worked for the Chicago Relief Administration helping skid row bums stay alive, until one day he received word from the office to leave his area immediately. Meyer asked why. "Because it's 5:15 and you're only insured until 5," he was told. That did it for social work.

In 1941 Meyer nearly became the basketball coach at Catholic High in Joliet, Ill., but almost immediately after turning the job down, Notre Dame called. Keogan had suffered a heart attack, and the Irish, already well into their season, wanted Meyer as interim coach. "I benched all the seniors and played all the underclassmen," Meyer recalls. "Frank Lane—the baseball guy—refereed my games, flexing his muscles in his rolled-up shirtsleeves. We never lost with Frank Lane. A kid named Art Pope played for me. Holy man, I could write the headlines. POPE WINS ONE FOR NOTRE DAME." Ah, the Notre Dame style again.

Where Meyer's "interim" Notre Dame victories over the next season and a half have disappeared to in the record books is anyone's guess—where are you, Eddie Gottlieb, now that we need you?—but in swift order, Keogan returned, Meyer departed, and Keogan suffered another attack, this time fatal. Notre Dame again summoned Meyer in the 1942-43 season, but by this time he had agreed to coach the basketball team at another Catholic college. At "the little school under the El." At a university named after a 17th-century French cleric who is called the Apostle of

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Charity. The place was DePaul University, and Ray Meyer was never to leave.

St. Vincent DePaul was said to have been so humble he thought himself unworthy of priesthood. He even wanted to be known as "Monsieur Vincent," and he signed his surname with the letters close together—DePaul—so that the suffix "de" would not be taken to indicate nobility. How appropriate, then, that a proper young Chicago homebody like Ray Meyer would take control of Monsieur Vincent DePaul's basketball team.

For the first few years, of course, it wasn't Meyer's or Coach Ray's or DePaul's or even DePaul's team. It belonged to a gangly 6′ 9″ fellow with horn rims from Joliet who appeared to be the winner of a Harold Lloyd look-alike contest rather than the future most famous basketball player in the universe.

George Mikan, the erstwhile 10-year-old marbles champion of Will County, Ill., was the son of a tavern and roller-rink owner—Big George was ahead of his time in more ways than one. He had been bounced from his school team because "his feet didn't match," but he commuted 70 miles round-trip by bus every day to the DePaul campus to earn superior grades in pre-law. His lessons in basketball came harder.

Ironically, Mikan had shown up at Notre Dame when Meyer was coaching there. "Coach said I'd make a better student than a player," Mikan, now a successful travel agent in Edina, Minn., recalls. "He said I was so uncoordinated I tripped over the lines on the court. When I went out for the team at DePaul and there he was, I thought, 'Oh no, here we go again.' "

The star of Meyer's '42-43 team was the 6′ 9″ Mikan, No. 99

Mikan's first scrimmage in Chicago—on what he calls the "gunfodder squad"—lasted 3½ hours. After that, things got rough. Meyer made Mikan skip rope and box and dance. He made him run with the track team and jump over chairs and alternate playing catch with medicine balls and tennis balls. He ran him through a myriad of drills—hook-shooting, rebounding, dribbling and a special number to learn touch, in which Mikan, stationed under the basket, would push off his left foot and shoot with his right hand, then catch the ball and push off his right foot and shoot with his left hand. Big George did the drill first. Then the guy down the street did it. Then probably you and I, oh, along about the seventh grade, did it, too. It was called the Mikan Drill. It should have been called the Meyer Drill.

"Coach taught me to think for myself," Mikan says. "He was concerned with my studies. He involved himself in all our problems—girls, money, eating. He taught me the game. I'd be nothing without him."

John Kundla, who later coached Mikan and the Lakers to five professional championships, once said he always enjoyed scouting DePaul "because it was such a show to watch Mikan pout." But there couldn't have been an awful lot of that, since DePaul rang up 62 victories in 74 games during Mikan's last three seasons. The team became known as Mikan U or Big George DePaul. As pranks, teammates like Gene Stump used to steal livers and gizzards from biology lab and sneak them into Mikan's shorts or climb ladders in the locker room and sing in a falsetto: "Mikan's girl is 10 feet tall; she sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall."

Bob Hope once cracked of the man nicknamed Scaffold: "It's interesting to see a control tower that breathes."

All Mikan would do is get mad, pin his scapular inside his DePaul Blue Demon trunks and go out and get another 50. Mikan took the curse out of being tall, he made a mockery of the contemptuous word "goon," and he earned the respect of over-achievers everywhere, not the least of whom were his teammates. When Big George showed up on St. Patrick's Day in a green hat and orange tie, all the DePaul players went out and dressed themselves in similar livery.

If George Mikan *made* basketball at DePaul, not to mention all over the nation, and Coach Ray Meyer *made* George Mikan, well. . . .

Well, what? Did the good Vincentian fathers of DePaul (current enrollment: 12,000) appreciate Meyer? "The priests used to only *tolerate* basketball around here," says one man in the athletic department. "They never realized what the game did for the school." And a chuckling Meyer says, "I go along with the old saw that priests take the vows of poverty and the people who work for them live it."

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Ray Meyer *continued*

Meyer began his career at DePaul on a salary of $2,500; by last season he had worked his way up to 21 grand. His rewards for the Blue Demons' success in 1978-79 amounted to a $10,000 bonus plus a $10,000 raise. In other words, paradise with a lakefront view. In the old making-ends-meet days, however, Meyer had started a summer camp on a picturesque Wisconsin lake, and he took a job coaching the College All-Stars in a postseason tour against the Harlem Globetrotters. "We always said Abe Saperstein bought our first house," says Marge. Back then such barnstorming trips were legal according to the NCAA; for 15 years Meyer traveled with them all: Cousy, Heinsohn, Gola, the works. And he discoverd how well these players had been taught by their coaches. "I found out who were the real coaches," says Meyer. "And who weren't." He also discovered that the All-Stars meant business one evening when Gola, tired of being shown up by the tricky stuff, elbowed Leon Hilliard, breaking three of the Trotter dribbler's ribs.

The barnstormers would have come in handy at DePaul during the predominately lean years between Mikan and the Muffin Man (that being just one of the accurate pseudonyms under which the Demons' fabulous fatboy, Aguirre, labors). Between 1946 and 1976, DePaul appeared in only 11 postseason tournaments, winning just six games.

Meyer bottomed out in 1970-71, when his team went 8–17, defeating just one school—Xavier of Ohio—in the university division. And *that* season bottomed out when the Villanova Wildcats of Howard Porter and Chris Ford embarrassed DePaul 99–59 in a game during which Meyer refused to call a time-out in the second half. "Old Meyer philosophy," he says. "When getting tail kicked, get out of gym as soon as possible."

In the year leading up to that debacle, Meyer had several offers from other schools—including Notre Dame many times over—but he never had the urge to leave. At the turn of the '70s, however, he wouldn't have needed to jump. Lines were forming of all those who wanted to have Meyer pushed out of DePaul.

College basketball had changed. Huge glittering arenas were being constructed all over America. Meyer recalls reading

one year that 92 colleges had built new places to play. Massive funds were being funneled into the sport, or rather into "programs." And there was something else, too, something called recruiting.

In the face of all this, here was beloved old Coach Ray Meyer sitting in his cramped little office on his dingy little campus under the El tracks. No budget. No secretary. No full-time assistant coach. Because of high rent and sparse crowds DePaul's games had long since been moved from 20,000-seat Chicago Stadium into 5,308-seat Alumni Hall, where the basketball team still shares its locker room with the track team, not to mention, in an anteroom on game nights, the referees. DePaul's players were local high school second bananas or neighborhood kids dragged in off the playgrounds. But a man couldn't win games with his brains or his coaching anymore. He had to have talent.

"We were playing the Kentuckys with an intramural team," Meyer says. "Rupp called me one time. He says, 'I need you.' I say, 'Adolph, we can't even *play*.' He says, 'I need you.' I say, 'O.K.' We get *buried*. Another time my starting center says, 'Coach, don't put me in. I can't do it, I'm afraid.' I say, 'You're all we've got.' He plays. Holy man. We get *buried* again."

After the 1970-71 season, an emergency meeting was held. The administration. The faculty. Some DePaul alums, players from the old days. And Coach Ray Meyer. One priest, honing his hatchet, equated the team with "a bad limb on a tree." The alternatives were to deemphasize down to Division II or to spend some money and become competitive again. Cook or get out of the kitchen. Meyer said he wouldn't coach in Division II. DePaul decided it was whip-out time.

Soon the inner-city campus' first dormitory and cafeteria were built. Now that he had something to recruit to, Meyer needed someone to recruit with. He first approached his oldest son, Tom, who had played on three DePaul tournament teams in the '60s. But Tom was building a coaching reputation in the Chicago secondary schools, and he wanted to wait another year. Next in the line of succession was Joey, the just-graduated captain of that '71 gang, Meyer's worst team. And so Joey it was; the second son became his father's first full-time assistant.

"I wanted to help," Joey says today. "There was all that talk about the game having passed Coach by, and I think he was beginning to doubt himself. But I knew he still had it in him. All he needed was someone to beat the bushes. If we worked, we could get the players. The best part of all this is that I was always afraid Coach would go out a loser. Now that won't happen."

Joey became "the man who turned the Blue Demons black," and Coach Ray Meyer became a winner again very quickly. Twelve victories, 12, 14, 16, 15, the magic 20. DePaul's distinguished music department is where Ramsey Lewis once studied jazz and where trombonist James Pankow met pianist Robert Lamm to form the genesis of the rock group *Chicago*. When another musician, a portly high school trumpet player named Bill Robinzine, enrolled at DePaul, Meyer made an NBA basketball player out of him.

Meyer's magic was working again. The old man even adjusted his regimen so that a gangly 6′ 11″ center, Dave Corzine, out of Arlington Heights—where the Meyers had just built a new home—could wear his hair in a scraggly Afro, walk barefoot to class and do other wonderful things like shoot his middle finger at the refs.

"Andy [Pancratz] just fouled out. You ready, Corzine?" Meyer asked on the bench one night.

"Right, Coach. Who do I go in for?" Corzine asked back.

With his star space cadet in the pivot for four years, along with an influx of black guards—Ron Norwood, Gary Garland and Bradshaw—from the playgrounds of East Orange, N.J., Meyer roared to the top again. From 1975 to '78 DePaul won 77 games and reached the NCAA regionals twice. "Forget the basketball," Meyer says. "My greatest accomplishment was Corzine going out of here a *man*."

But the '70s were not all flowers and brass sections for the Meyer family. Marge was told she had cancer and was given five years to live. She licked it. Meyer was invited to lunch and told he had been removed as athletic director. He came to grips with it. Moreover, during the Corzine years a new athletic director, Gene Sullivan, had savage battles with Meyer over scheduling, finances and the direction of DePaul basketball. "We had it out," says Meyer.

Sullivan, a former assistant coach at Notre Dame and a terrific promoter, put together a healthy TV-radio package, spruced up Alumni Hall and hustled some heavies back onto the DePaul schedule. More significantly, a Sullivan man says that the athletic director "rid the school of all our inferiority complexes." But Sullivan appeared to have designs on Meyer's coaching job, and the family was suspicious.

"Gene is a good man and a hard charger," says Dr. Ken Sarubbi, the chairman of the DePaul phys ed department and another Meyer assistant coach. "But he'd been on the bench all his life, and I think he saw an opening because of Coach's age. When Coach started to win big again, their war was all over." Sullivan soon left to go up the lake and become the athletic director at Loyola.

This brought in the Rev. Robert H. Gielow, C.M., formerly the team chaplain, who has firmly placed himself on the ornery side of Meyer for the last year and a half. Father Gielow, 36, wanted the team to change shoe brands. He wanted the players to stop eating meals at Meyer's favorite restaurant, The Seminary down on Fullerton Avenue, and go back to the cafeteria days. After DePaul won the 1979 Western regional over UCLA, he gave the team all of five bucks a head for dinner money. Back home, when Meyer finally heard of this, he halted practice and marched off to Father Gielow's office after vowing to the Blue Demons he would "throw the somofabee off the balcony." Old Grandfather Wonderful was on the rampage again.

Meyer's image continues to be a mockery to his children. Tom, 36, the coach at the University of Illinois-Chicago Circle, says: "I have to laugh. I could tell stories to infinity about how calm and sweet he is. I remember him fixing my bike when I was little. Coach tried and tried and couldn't do it. 'I can't fix this,' he screamed, and —*boom*!—he broke it over his knee. Growing up, we always un-

continued

derstood Coach's job and heard that he was this wonderful guy. But we hardly knew him. He was always gone away, coaching."

Marge, Joe, the other children, agree. "Coach never talked to us," says Joey. "We found out what he wanted through Mom." Coach Ray Meyer didn't even *coach* his boys until they reached college. Once Marge woke him up in the middle of the night and said, "For Godsakes, Coach, you coach everybody else, but your own son doesn't know how to protect the ball when he dribbles. Get down there and show him." So Meyer got out of bed, woke up Tom and coached him right then and there in the garage.

There was a time, when Tom was at DePaul, Joey was in high school and Bob (nicknamed "Binky" by Coach; don't ask why) was playing CYO ball, during which Marge attended the younger kids' games and sat in the stands with a portable TV tuned in to the Blue Demons.

Joey was the real player in the family—he averaged more than 20 points in that lost DePaul season. But Tom, driven by the same competitive demons that possess the old man, was a shooter who made himself into a player. For familial peace, Marge made certain the two brothers never played against each other, one-on-one. Marge did this. Not Ray. Never Ray. "Coach was not involved with us at all," says Joey.

Recently, Ray Meyer talked about Emmette Bryant's injury-plagued career at DePaul and how one of Indiana's Van Arsdale twins accidentally broke Bryant's leg in a game in 1963. Meyer did not mention that the player who took over for Bryant, thus beginning his own stellar career, was Tom Meyer.

"It is not in Coach's being to show pride in his offspring," says Tom. "Only through Mom's efforts has it occurred to him to give Joey some publicity for all this success at DePaul. Not that his own ego is overflowing. He never told us about his days at Notre Dame. I would never have known Mikan played for Coach if I hadn't read it in the papers."

Because his own thresholds were so high, Meyer always expected his children to be unyielding physically and emotionally. The Meyer kids never knew such things as flu, colds, sickness. When one broke a nose at the camp in Wisconsin, Meyer set it with Popsicle sticks. When one broke a hand, Coach Ray Meyer refused to have a cast put on it because the season was coming up and he needed a player.

As a freshman at DePaul, Tom contracted rheumatic fever for the second time. Ankles collapsing, knees swollen, he barely made it to the gym to notify his father. "Why are you late?" the elder Meyer demanded. Tom said that he was sick, that a doctor had ordered him to drop out of school, that he was supposed to enter a sanatorium immediately. "Well . . . well. . . ." Ray Meyer stammered. "Holy man, are you going to make practice today or not?"

Their strong Catholicism was a bond among the Meyers. Mass every Sunday. Dad and Mom in line with the children, oldest to youngest, proud and sparkling, in tight formation along the pew. The Meyer eight. Eight was enough. Then one Sunday, as the Meyer parents stepped aside to let their children, some of whom were in their 20s, enter the aisle for communion, one by one—Barbara, Tom, Pat, Marianne, Joey, Bob—right down the row, they all refused. Finally, the last one, Binky, then eight, said no as well. "What the hell could you do?" the other children said to Binky in unison. Kidding or not, they were referring to the fact that a Catholic usually passes up communion only when he has committed a serious sin.

Not that Meyer could ever be swayed from the faith. His children say his dependence on religion is "frightening." Sarubbi says that without pregame Mass, Meyer would go "berserk."

Meyer once heard game-day Mass in a men's room. He once heard it after walking two miles in a snowstorm at six in the morning. The church door was locked. He went through the basement. At his induction into the Hall of Fame at Springfield, Mass. last year, Meyer was standing in the lobby with some coaches, Wooden and Henry Iba among them, when he began working the beads in his pocket and silently moving his lips. Marge got him in a corner fast. "For Chrissakes, Coach," she whispered, "cut out the rosary. They'll think you're senile."

To the contrary, considering what this marvelous old panda has been through, the puzzlements of modern times are hardly a challenge. He bends without breaking. He communicates without compromise. He has *bridged the gaps*—white to black, old to young, firm to funky. Why, Meyer's bright and energetic staff is straight out of a pop-art fairy tale: the bespectacled Joey, quiet and studious, a dead ringer for Toad in *American Graffiti*; the swarthy Sarubbi, the very model of a Vegas croupier in the mufti of a Ph.D.; young Molinari, the polite law student whose good looks take the girls' breath away.

Ray Meyer is no dummy. He must have drafted this crew by position.

Joey gets most of the credit for recruiting the Aguirres and Bradshaws and Terry Cummingses to DePaul, but all of them had to face the old man somewhere along the line and to appreciate what they saw. There is some fear there among his boys; respect, admiration, love, too. Oh yes, and some astonishment on both sides. "Holy man," Meyer says after another close escape, "these boys will drive me to the nut house."

Sophomore Aguirre, who, as the father of a 3-month-old daughter ("Dough-Baby?") by his high school sweetheart, could use the money, is presently the target of shick agents and pro scouts who tell him how he could tear up the NBA in just a few easy lessons. Yet what the Muffin Man says about making an exit is only this: "Coach promised me all four years, and I'm going to hold him to it." Meaning it's Meyer, not Aguirre, whom he's concerned about staying at DePaul.

Were the Blue Demons to remain unbeaten and win the national championship, there is the feeling that Meyer would see it as the ideal opportunity to pack it in. That under such circumstances he *should* pack it in. Surely every mother's son and daughter will be rooting for him, just like last time. Meyer in the Final Four again would be an affair of the heart; he'd be the biggest favorite since John Wayne on Iwo Jima.

So, would he leave? Aguirre says no: "Right now, Coach is just overcoming his age." Meyer says nothing. Right now, holy man, Coach Ray Meyer is just enjoying coaching. END

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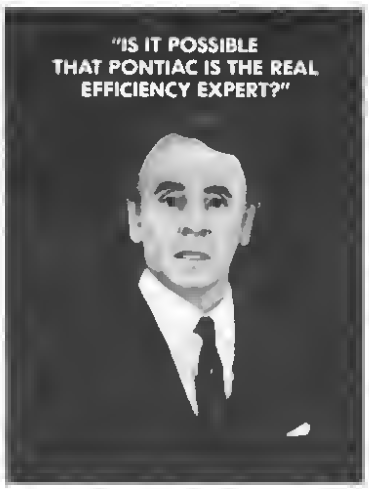

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 4-10

Compiled by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

SASKETSALL—"It was strictly a Bo Derek second half," said Boston Coach Bill Fitch after a game with Philadelphia. Fitch did not mean that the Celtics had scored only 10 points in the half, but that the quality of their play deserved a perfect "10" rating. Larry Bird got 22 of his 32 points, Cedric Maxwell 15 of his 19 and Nate Archibald all of his 18 in the final two quarters as Boston, which has the league's best record (42–13), beat the Sixers 129–110 and jumped two games ahead of Philly in the Atlantic Division. The Celts gained more ground by beating the Pacers 130–108. That night Pete Maravich was given a joyous welcome by Boston Garden fans, and although he hadn't played since Nov. 21, he managed two points in six minutes of playing time. In his debut with Milwaukee former Piston Bob Lanier scored 14 points in a 111–109 defeat of Cleveland, then 18 to lead the Bucks over the Bullets 115–90. Those wins enabled Milwaukee to close to within 3½ games of Midwest leader Kansas City, which lost two games before beating Washington 108–106 in overtime (*page 68*). George McGinnis was back home in Indiana, where he received a stirring ovation from the sellout crowd. "It was the greatest feeling of my career, whether we won or lost," said Big Mac. They lost—109–108 to the 76ers—despite a game-high 13 rebounds by McGinnis, who scored 14 points in 24 minutes of play. Bill Walton got some more floor time in his second and third games for San Diego. 17 minutes in a 117–92 loss to Golden State, during which Walton scored eight points, and another 17 minutes against his former teammates, the Trail Blazers, San Diego clipped Portland 118–104 with Walton upping his production to 13 points. Pacific leader Seattle beat Cleveland 123–121, Detroit 119–102 and the Sixers 109–94, breaking an eight-game Philadelphia home-win streak. New York had its five-win string snapped by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who had 22 points, 17 rebounds, seven assists and five blocked shots while holding Knick rookie Center Bill Cartwright to three baskets in 18 attempts. Final score: L.A. 116, N.Y. 105. Rick Barry scored an NBA-record seven (in 10 attempts) three-point goals in Houston's 115–114 victory over New Jersey and another by connecting on eight (of 12) three-pointers as the Rockets added to the Jazz' blues, 117–95, and jumped into third in the Central Division, five games behind Atlanta. Last week's MVP became this week's MIP (Most Invisible Player). After matching his league-leading scoring average with 34 points in the All-Star Game on Feb. 3, George Gervin of the Spurs did a disappearing act. He missed three practices and called in sick for a game with New Jersey. The Nets took advantage of his absence to pick up a 123–115 win. Gervin then reappeared for a game with Indiana, but fell four points short of his average. The Spurs, it turned out, lost by four, 131–127. A possible diagnosis? A severely anemic contract.

BOWLING—MIKE AULBY won the $125,000 Midas Open in Palatine, Ill. 224–188 over Dave Davis.

BOXING—LUPE PINTOR of Mexico City retained his WBC bantamweight title with a 12th-round knockout of Alberto Sandoval in Los Angeles.

CHESS—Grandmaster Walter Browne of Berkeley, Calif. and Yasser Seirawan of Seattle each finished with a 10–3 record and tied for first place against a strong field in the Wijk aan Zee tournament in the Netherlands. The 19-year-old Seirawan met his grandmaster norm during the play. He should soon become the 18th American to hold the title.

GOLF—ANDY BEAN won the $325,000 Hawaiian Open in Honolulu with a tournament-record 266, 22 under par, three strokes better than Lee Trevino.

JANE BLALOCK finished first in a $100,000 women's tournament in Miami. Her five-under-par 283 put her one stroke ahead of Jerilyn Britz and Debbie Massey, who tied for second.

HOCKEY—Tonight's the night, thought 51-year-old Gordie Howe on Wednesday. He had gone scoreless in his last 24 games for the Whalers, but on the previous evening he had set up the final goal in the Wales Conference's 6–3 NHL All-Star win over the Campbell Conference, an accomplishment that delighted the crowd in Detroit so much that it cheered its former hero until he actually blushed. And now, after two years of skating in temporary quarters following a roof cave-in, the Whalers were back home in the Hartford Civic Center. Howe was right on target—with his prediction and his shooting—firing a 20-footer in the third period to help bring the roof down again, this time on the Los Angeles Kings, 7–3. It was Hartford's eighth win in 11 games and the Kings' sixth straight loss. Pittsburgh also snapped a scoreless drought—183 minutes—but it was small comfort. The Penguins lost their fifth straight game—and their 13th in 16 outings—5–2 to Minnesota. Two days earlier the Penguins had been shut out 9–0 by Buffalo, which got three goals from Danny Gare and spectacular tending from Don Edwards. The Sabres were the victims when Bernie Federko turned a hat trick in leading St. Louis to a 3–2 win, its fifth in six games. Mike Bossy of the Islanders scored his 36th and 37th goals in a 4–1 win over Los Angeles before his club-record 18-game point-scoring streak was halted. No matter. Even as Bossy's string was cut, the Isles won 5–0 over the Nordiques. Boston extended its succession of unbeaten games to five while handing Chicago a 5–2 defeat, its first in six outings. Rookie Defenseman Ray Bourque had three assists in the Bruins' 8–6 victory over Toronto to give him 30 for the season, a club rookie record. The mark of 28 had been held by Bobby Orr. Coach Pat Quinn was glad his Flyers' streak was over. And it was an up-beat streak—26 games undefeated at home. "It actually takes some pressure off us," said Quinn after his team had been beaten 4–1 by none other than Vancouver, which had won once in its 13 previous games.

HORSE RACING—GLORIOUS SONG ($8.60), Chris McCarron up, won the $136,600 La Cañada Stakes for 4-year-old fillies at Santa Anita, covering the mile and an eighth in a stakes-record 1:47⅘ and finishing 1¾ lengths in front of Prize Spot.

SPEED SKATING—ERIC HEIDEN of the U.S. won an unprecedented fourth world sprint championship in West Allis, Wis. with two victories at 1,000 meters and one at 500. KARIN ENKE of East Germany earned the women's title, also winning the 1,000 twice and the 500 once.

TENNIS—BJORN BORG won the $300,000 Grand Slam tournament in BocaWest, Fla. 6–1, 5–7, 6–1 over Vitas Gerulaitis.

MARTINA NAVRATILOVA defeated Tracy Austin 6–2, 6–0 to win a $125,000 women's tournament in Inglewood, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD—At the Wanamaker Millrose Games in New York, MARY DECKER set a women's indoor world record of 4:00.8 in the 1,500 meters, surpassing the mark set by Natalia Maracescu of Romania by 2.2 seconds, and STEPHANIE HIGHTOWER established a women's world record in the 60-yard hurdles with a clocking of 7.47 seconds (*page 14*). In the women's mile relay, Tennessee State University's DEBORAH JONES, HELEN BLAKE, CHANDRA CHEESEBOROUGH and ERNESTINE DAVIS set a world indoor record of 3:41.5. The following night at the Mason-Dixon Games in Louisville, Hightower's time of 8.17 set a U.S. women's indoor record in the 60-meter hurdles.

KONSTANTIN VOLKOV of the Soviet Union established an indoor world record by vaulting 18′ 6″ in Moscow. His vault was half an inch higher than Dan Ripley's 1979 mark.

MAURO ZULIANI of Milan set an indoor world record in the 200-meter dash with a clocking of 21.05, in Genoa. His time surpassed by .06 the mark held jointly by Karl-Heinz Weisenseel and Pietro Mennea.

MILEPOSTS—FOUND GUILTY. In Montreal, of conspiracy to commit bribery arising from charges of influence buying, CLARENCE CAMPBELL, president of the NHL from 1946 to 1977.

NAMED. Winner of the AAU's Sullivan Award as the nation's outstanding amateur athlete of 1979, Gymnast KURT THOMAS.

TRADED. By the Detroit Pistons, Center BOB LANIER to Milwaukee for Center KENT BENSON and the Bucks' 1980 first-round draft choice.

By the Portland Trail Blazers, Forward MAURICE LUCAS and two first-round draft choices to the New Jersey Nets for Forward CALVIN NATT, and Guard LIONEL HOLLINS to the Philadelphia 76ers for a first-round draft choice and an undisclosed amount of cash.

CREDITS

4—Peter Read Miller. **14, 15**—Jacquelina Duvoisin. **16, 17**—Manny Millan (left); George Tiedemann. **18**—Brian Lanker. **19**—Peter Read Miller. **20,21**—Robert Hagedohm (top); Peter Read Miller. **24**—Mika Maple (center). **46**—Bill Luster. **51**—Steve Goldstein. **57**—Dan Balliotti. **62**—Peter Read Miller. **68,71**—Rich Clarkson. **80**—courtesy DePaul University.

FACES IN THE CROWD

HARRY RAWSTROM
NEWARK, DEL.

Rawstrom, 63, swimming coach at the University of Delaware for the past 34 years, won four freestyle events—at 50, 100, 200 and 500 yards—in the 60-64 age group in the annual Capitol Sea Devils Masters Meet in Washington, D.C.

MIKE FUNSCH
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Mike, 15, an Optimist dinghy skipper, beat 84 sailors from 17 nations to win the open division of the 18th annual Optimist World Championships in Pattaya, Thailand. He then won the U.S. Optimist title in Biscayne Bay, Fla.

SOS SMITH
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Bob, a 6′ 5″ senior at Westminster High, high-jumped seven feet to set a state indoor record at the Maryland National Guard Scholastic Games in Baltimore. His mark is also a national indoor best for a high-schooler this year.

DOUG LAIRD
GRAND ISLAND, NEB.

Doug, 16, rolled series of 716, 702 and 597 to win the Nebraska Youth Bowling Association singles, doubles and all-events titles in Hastings. He has averages of 213 and 208 in two local junior leagues and a best series of 790.

SOS HAUGH
DALLAS

Haugh, the 59-year-old president of the Overhead Door Corp., who has run 10 marathons, set an age-group national record for the 50-mile run with a time of 7:37.22 in the Jackson Five-0 race in Dallas. He bettered the old mark by 1:31.06.

CASSANDRA JONES
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Cassandra, 15, a 5′ 6″ guard at Stranahan High, has averaged 30.6 points and nine rebounds per game in leading the Dragons to a 15–3 record. She recently set the state girls' AAAA single-game scoring record of 57 points against Hollywood Hills.

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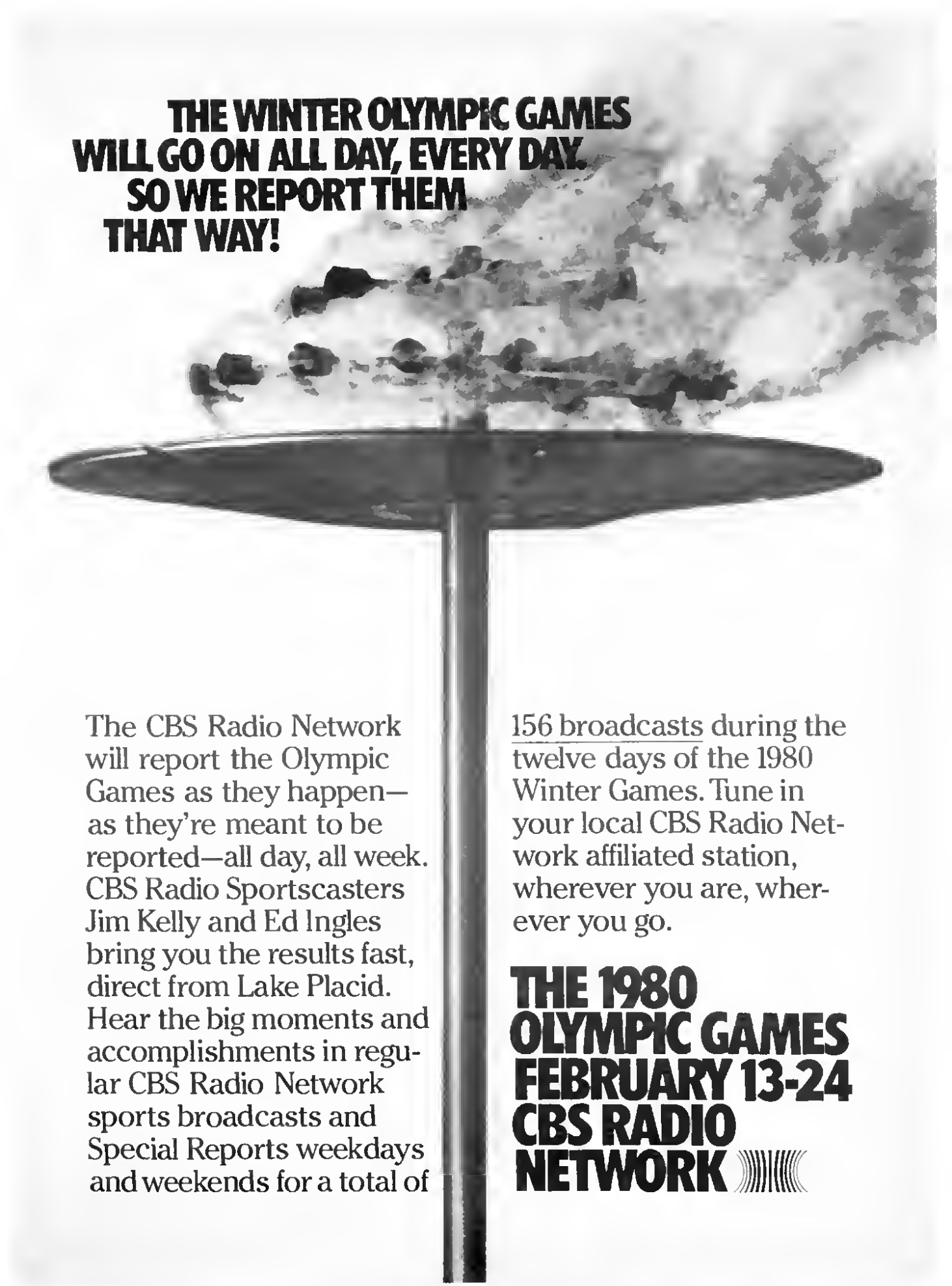

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SUNSTRUCK

Sir:

Let's hear it for the Caribbean (*Taking It Easy Where It's Breezy*, Feb. 4)! Your "Islands in the Sun" issue will reduce our fuel bill and help keep tuition down next year. Oh, how you've warmed a bitter Worcester winter—even the Jesuits are reading it! How about an SI poster of that fantastic cover? Christie Brinkley is definitely a 12.

THE BOYS OF CARLIN HALL III
College of the Holy Cross
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

To this native Californian getting educated here in the frozen North, your annual swimsuit issue was better than a letter from home!

ALAN R. EAGLE
Hanover, N.H.

Sir:

I had just finished shoveling the results of the Chicago area's largest snowfall of the season when what should I find in my mailbox? Your annual swimsuit issue! SPORT ILLUSTRATED, your timing is impeccable!

DON VOIGT
Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

Who needs OPEC?

JOE POWERS
Belmont, Mass.

Sir:

There is only one word I can think of to describe the girls in this year's swimsuit issue: absolutelyunbelievablyincrediblybeautiful.

MARK LEVINE
White Plains, N.Y.

Sir:

The cover photograph of Christie Brinkley sure beats other cover photos.

STAN WELLS
Johnson City, Tenn.

Sir:

Your pictures of Bernadette Swann prove that Lynn Swann does not confine his spectacular catches to the football field. She may be his best ever. Congratulations on another stunning swimsuit issue!

DICK DAVIS
West Middlesex, Pa.

Sir:

Once again SI has provided a surefire cure for post-pigskin depression. I have only two questions: Who is Irina Gerasimenko, and where has she been all my life? She is the most beautiful woman ever to have graced your pages. What a way to start the '80s!

JOSEPH BRODNICKI
Jacksonville

Sir:

In an effort to counteract some of the anticipated caustic criticisms from offended church members of various denominations, may I commend you for that bountiful bevy of beauties? I can't imagine Adam's Eve in the Garden of Eden having been any more pleasing to the eye in her scanty fig-leaf bathing suit!

THE REV. LESLIE CONRAD JR.
Pastor
St. Luke's Lutheran Church
Richardson, Texas

Sir:

Again this year I firmly object to your swimsuit edition. I was so disgusted with the cover that I tore the issue into shreds without reading it and tossed it into the fire where it really belongs with the devil and his imps.

If Khomeini is considered barbaric in his treatment of the American hostages, and if the Soviets are marked as infamous in their subversion of Afghanistan, you are no less Satanic in the exposure of sex and nudity as an enticement to buy or read SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Shame on you! I wish that all of your subscribers, especially the charter members, would flood your office with complaints and protests of your lack of decency and respect in publishing such a distasteful and shocking edition. Why, oh, why stoop so low?

THE REV. PHILODORE H. LEMAY, M.S.
Missionaries of La Salette
Attleboro, Mass.

Sir:

I understand from a longtime subscriber that your swimsuit issue is an annual affair, and perhaps a letter such as mine is an annual common response. Nonetheless, I feel compelled to vent my ire at such ridiculousness. It is hardly relevant for a sports magazine to display scantily clad women, and it is entirely unjustifiable to equate this "fashionable" and unathletic swimwear with the sport of swimming. The masquerade, if indeed one can masquerade at all in so little attire, is unconvincing.

VINCENT REGAN
Notre Dame, Ind.

Sir:

If "brevity is the soul of wit," would it be fair to say that page 44 of your epidermis issue featured the funniest bathing suit of the season?

ALAN B. MAVER
Southbury, Conn.

Sir:

The cover of the Feb. 4 issue is extremely out of place, and the display of cloth and flesh is far from reporting sporting events that are healthy for our young American boys. You don't need articles like this to increase circulation! Stick to articles about genuine sports.

MRS. JOHN MALEY
Clarence, N.Y.

Sir:

Enclosed are your X-rated pictures. I thought my daughter ordered a sports magazine. What do pictures like these have to do with sports?

PEGGY SLAY
West Lafayette, Ohio

Sir:

The issue with Ms. Brinkley and the British Virgins was not *sports* and had to be censored and edited before my 12-year-old son could read it. Another issue like this one, and you'll have one less reader.

E. BROWN
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Sir:

Please discontinue my subscription as of *now*. I do not want a magazine coming to my address with a cover picture like the one you had on the Feb. 4 issue. Such covers belong on "other" magazines. Please return whatever money you owe me for the balance of my subscription.

MRS. C. W. KIHNEMAN
Hot Springs, Ark.

Sir:

If the hierarchy of your magazine has elected to take the "porno" route, it is fine with me. However, I do not wish to take the trip with you.

R. JEAN FINLEY
Baltimore

Sir:

You can be assured of my no-vote for any more subscriptions in our family.

TED J. PRUS
Chicago

Sir:

What's going on? Your annual bathing-suit issue has gotten noticeably raunchier each year. I was embarrassed to pull that issue out of the staff mailbox. I even had to cut off the cover as well as the offending article before I could pass SI on to my kids. Give me a break! Stick to your excellent coverage of the sports scene and leave the sex scene to someone else. Clean up your act, SI. Now!

JEFFREY RANDOLPH HULL
Hope Town
Carmel, N.Y.

Sir:

The students in the library look forward to each issue of SI, and I am usually happy to assist them with their interests. Imagine my dis-

continued

appointment when the Feb. 4 issue arrived and I could not put it in circulation. If this is what we can expect in future issues, please let me know, and I will spend school money on something more appropriate.

CAROLYN HESTER
Ider High School
Ider, Ala.

Sir:

The display of nudity in this issue certainly is not the type of reading material I can put in my office waiting room.

JAMES D. HALL, D.D.S.
Pittsburgh

Sir:

I wanted to take my old SIs to the church for my basketball team to read, but you have settled that. Into the garbage they go.

ROBERT M. THOMAS
Jamaica, N.Y.

Sir:

The article had little appeal for your female reading populace. I am sure that many of the styles shown would "leave as few strap marks as possible," but what does that have to do with sports? Any sports-oriented female reader would surely be in the market for swimwear a bit more practical.

If you *must* include such "sportswear" in your magazine, then could we females also see a "little" of the latest in men's swimwear?

P. A. BAUGHMAN
Pittsburgh

Sir:

I subscribe to SI and the whole family enjoys it, but your tasteless display of sexist photography could set women athletes back a decade. If I wanted articles such as this, I'd subscribe to a girlie magazine. How dare you! If I see women displayed as objects again, I'll cancel. You can depend on that.

JANE M. CONTOIS
San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

I'd like to see more athletic-looking models. Don't get me wrong—Ms. Brinkley & Co. are very beautiful. But on page 23 of that same issue there is a much more perfect example of what a woman can, and should, look like: pentathlete Jane Frederick.

STEVE WANVIG
Minneapolis

Sir:

All those who'll end subscriptions, or won't let this issue be seen, might as well wear blinders when they walk down the street or along the beach. God created beauty in both nature and people. Everyone takes a break from a regular routine once a year, even in the sports world. Much obliged for the great photos, and the girls are darn good-lookin'.

JEFF REGNIER
Billings, Mont.

Sir:

Congratulations on a quintessentially tasteful display of what beautiful women won't be "wearing" at the beach this summer.

CHRIS FIELD
Providence

Sir:

Christie Brinkley's smile has more impact than Dave Kingman's bat on a baseball.

JEFF STINNEFORD
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

Your swimsuit issue was, as usual, superb. Next year, though, do me a favor: be careful where you put the mailing sticker. This year it covered more of Christie Brinkley than her swimsuit did.

ANDREW TIMKO
Millbrook, Ala.

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